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AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1820.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851.

REVIEWS.

The Golden Legend. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Bogue.

MR. LONGFELLOW has written two books—*Hyperion*, in prose, and *Evangeline*, in verse—which are sure to keep his name long fresh, wherever the English tongue is spoken. A well-stored mind, a graceful fancy, and a glowing heart, are indeed apparent in everything that falls from his pen; but in the works we have named, more especially the latter, the power of moving the affections and stamping indelible pictures on the memory, proclaim the presence of the poet. We should have thought the success of *Evangeline* would have led Mr. Longfellow to follow it up by some work of kindred nature, in which he should have dealt with the life of modern times, and trusted to the landscapes of his own most interesting country for the scenery of his poem. Then all would have understood him, all would have listened to him gladly. The sources of emotion common to all might have been touched; the interests in which all can share might have been aroused; and instead of having the highly-educated only for his readers, which a poet must be content to have, who goes back into the remote past for the subjects of his verse, he might have commanded the same wide public which has already, despite the novelty of its versification, taken the sweet tale of *Acadie* into its heart. That a writer of Mr. Longfellow's powers and experience should strive at any other aim is surprising. Literature has quite enough of pretty verses,—pleasant to read, but certain to be forgotten,—without a man of mark like him adding to their number. We look for more from him than a mere display of the technicalities of the poet's art, however masterly. A reproduction of old images and old beliefs, and of conditions of society long passed away, all which have already been painted again and again by the ablest pens, does not satisfy the expectations which are entertained of a poet gifted with such power of bringing out in its finest relief the essential poetry of our own times. For him to work upon such themes as he has done in the present poem is little better than trifling, and much as it will be admired within a limited circle, it certainly cannot add to his permanent reputation.

What must strike the reader most forcibly at the very outset of the poem is its resemblance, both in the matter and manner, to the *Faust*. Mr. Longfellow has obviously saturated his mind with the music of Goethe's verse, in the second as well as the first part of that singular poem, and the result appears in a versification, which for fluency, and rich and varied melody, may challenge comparison with anything in English poetry. Indeed, in this point of view, the book may form a most useful study to our young poets, who may learn from it, what most of them have much need to learn, that to be poetical is quite consistent with a style simple, transparent, and pure. From beginning to end of the book there is not a sentence of rhyme which does not read as naturally as if it were prose, and yet nowhere does it degenerate into slipshod ease or prosaic familiarity. In this respect Longfellow worthily emulates his great prototype, for under his hand our English verse becomes nearly as plastic, if not always so emphatic, as the German of that greatest master of rhythmical language among all modern writers.

So far well; but when Mr. Longfellow repeats the machinery and ideas of the poet of Weimar, he taxes our patience too far. It is quite time, for example, that Lucifer should be allowed to rest in his own peculiar regions. Since the days when Mephistopheles first entered the studio of Faust, that illustrious personage has been thrust upon us by the poets, until he has become a positive bore. Goethe knew what he was about when he evoked that masterly embodiment of the spirit of wickedness which lurks in every heart,—and he managed him for his own purposes with consummate skill. But all other attempts to deal with the Tempter have been utter failures, and Mr. Longfellow's is no exception to the rule. He is introduced to us in the prologue of the poem, in his character of Lucifer, attended by the Powers of the Air, trying to bear down the cross from the summit of the spire of Strasburg cathedral, a fruitless occupation, in which Goethe's Mephistopheles would never have engaged, and which, moreover, has no bearing whatever upon the story of the poem. But as Faust has a prologue, Mr. Longfellow no doubt conceived *The Golden Legend* must have a prologue also, and so we have one,—a piece of pretty fanciful writing, certainly, but which might with equal fitness be prefixed to any other poem.

Nor is the part which Lucifer performs throughout the poem one whit more significant. In some particulars, indeed, he is found repeating himself, as Goethe has drawn him—a want of originality scarcely conceivable in a genius so aspiring. He emerges upon the scene every now and then; now as a travelling physician, now as a friar, now as a doctor of laws and logic, but never for any very efficient purpose. In consequence, probably, of long and severe ill-usage from poets of the *Festus* school, he has dwindled down into a very feeble and unalarming personage indeed. His very disappearance is not even marked by “the melodious twang and smell of brimstone” with which we are accustomed to associate his exit. Everywhere he has the worst of it, and he is finally heard of, we devoutly hope for the last time in verse, in the report of a recording angel, in the following terms:—

“Lo! over the mountain steeps,
A dark gigantic shadow sweeps
Beneath my feet;
A blackness inwardly brightening
With sullen heat,
As a storm cloud lurid with lightning.
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.”

This, it is added, “is Lucifer, the Son of Mystery”—a new *alias*, by the way—and the description is of a piece with the parentage assigned to him; for a being who resembles “a blackness inwardly brightening with sullen heat” is a mystery indeed.

The story of the poem is of the most unsatisfactory kind. A certain Prince Henry of Hoheneck has fallen into a state of disease, mental and physical, which is thus described by himself:—

“It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns up my veins,
Sending up vapours to the head;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;
I am accounted as one who is dead,
And indeed I think that I shall be soon.”

In the present day, a course of the German baths would probably have effected the cure of what is obviously confirmed dyspepsia; but the disease, we learn, baffled the entire faculty, foreign and domestic, of that period. Finding the pharmacopœia of no avail, certain doctors of Salerno prescribed in the following oracular, but most unprofessional terms:—

“Not to be cured, and yet incurable!
The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours.”

Matters are in this position at the opening of the poem, where the prince is discovered seated in a chamber in his castle of Vautsberg, on the Rhine, ill and restless, musing in the following unhappy and melodious, if not very original strain:—

“I cannot sleep! My fervid brain
Calls up the vanished past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!”

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

“They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;

“But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away.
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!”

“Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!”

This state of mild *ennui* is scarcely the *dignus vindice nodus* which justifies the appearance, at this point of the soliloquy, of Lucifer, “out of a flash of lightning, in the garb of a travelling physician.” Nor is this appearance attended with any adequate result, for it ends in his merely administering to Prince Henry the contents of a flask, the bouquet of which, as described by the poet, suggests the idea of the essence of millefleurs.

“It is sweet.
A thousand different odours meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room!”

This draught, swallowed rather copiously, produces results upon the Prince which strongly resemble, if indeed they be not, simple intoxication; thus—

“It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire;
A rapture that is almost pain
Thrills in my heart and fills my brain!
O joy! O joy! I feel
The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed
Upon my breast
Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary breast
At length finds rest.”

Meanwhile, an angel hovering with an *Æolian harp* in the air remonstrates in the manner of Father Mathew, while Lucifer

retires with an admonition to the Prince to go on steadily drinking—

"Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope!"

As to which, it may be remarked, by the way, that nothing but the fact of Lucifer being the Son of Mystery can account for his use of imagery so incomprehensible as the sand of hope drawn up by a plummet. Prince Henry follows his advice, and with what effect his language very plainly shows:—

"Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover,
Who illumines life with dreaming!"
[His head falls on his book,]

and the scene closes. Subsequently we learn, as the story proceeds, he falls from his chair, and in this state is found next morning, rather the worse of his debauch, but not so bad but that he might have mended. The priests, however, had got scent of his condition, and thus they treated him:—

"In Saint Rochus
They made him stand, and wait his doom;
And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,
Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the mass for the dead they chaunted,
Then three times laid upon his head
A shovelful of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
'This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent!'—
And forth from the chapel-door he went
Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hoddin gray,
And bearing a wallet and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell
To keep all travellers away.
Then was the family tomb unsealed,
And broken helmet, sword and shield,
Buried together, in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed,
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,
A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and despair,—
'O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!'"

The Prince is taken into the house of one of his poor tenants, with whom he lives in a moping uncomfortable way, making bows and arrows for the boys, and teaching the girls hymns and spiritual songs. One of the daughters, Elsie, a child of singular piety, very sweetly and delicately drawn, is touched with such deep commiseration for his state, that she determines to dedicate her life for him, and so fulfil the condition which, according to the prediction, was to remove the curse from him. If we could get over the absurdity of the whole tale, we should admire greatly the beauty with which this part of it has been treated—the prayer of the little girl, and her visit to the bedside of her parents in the night to inform them of her purpose. After much hesitation and remonstrance, both on their part and that of the Prince, it is resolved to carry her vow into effect, and Elsie sets out with him for Salerno for this purpose. Salerno is reached. The pilgrims are received by Lucifer in the disguise of Friar Angelo. By this time, however, the Prince is deeply enamoured of Elsie, and is driven to distraction by the firmness with which she adheres to her purpose. She takes leave of him in the following beautiful address:—

"TO HER ATTENDANTS.

"Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the doors
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

"TO PRINCE HENRY.

"And you, O prince, bear back my benison
Unto my father's house, and all within it.
This morning in the church I prayed for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they need me not.
And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting.
I have no more to say. Let us go in."

She then goes in with Lucifer, and the Prince, upon whom the extent of his own selfishness now flashes in all its enormity, after making an ineffectual appeal for admittance after her, bursts open the door, and manifestly has the best of it in the conflict with Lucifer which must be presumed to ensue; for in the next scene we find him on his way home, with "her they call the Lady Alicia now," whom he has vowed to wed, and the legend makes a golden ending with as pretty a piece of antenuptial fondness as Mr. Frank Stone could wish to paint.

This is the whole story upon which Mr. Longfellow has based a poem of nearly three hundred pages. The reader must at once see that it is impossible to feel any hearty anxiety about characters who are actuated by feelings, and who move among incidents, so unnatural and improbable. The work wants the basis of strong human interest, without which no poem can take a lasting hold upon the public mind. A mixture of narrative and allegory, it does not satisfy the laws which are applicable to either. Mr. Longfellow has, doubtless, selected it as affording a vehicle for a series of graceful pictures of aspects of German life in the middle ages, which his tastes and studies obviously dispose him to elaborate with enthusiastic warmth. The scenery of the Rhine, Strasburg at night, the voyage on the Mediterranean, form the subjects of exquisite cabinet pictures. Walter of Vogelweid, the Minnesinger, the travelling friar, the dissolute monk, the friar spending his days and nights in transcribing and illuminating, the lady abbess seeking a solace for disappointed affections amid the sad consolations of the convent, the stately and meditative abbot—all pass across the scene, with a vivid truth in outline and colour, which must delight the reader whose studies have made him familiar with the period.

But, after all, he looks at them as he looks at the shifting scenes of a diorama. His eye and fancy are pleased and stimulated for the moment, but an impression, vague and daily diminishing, is all that remains. Such productions are at best but the toys and dilettanteism of literature.

It is difficult to detach any of the choicer passages of the book without injury; but the following soliloquy of Friar Pacificus, who is introduced transcribing and illuminating, will give some idea of the writer's power of entering into the devout spirit to which we owe the finest illuminated MSS. of the middle ages.

"It is growing dark! yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be,
When it writes that word of mystery."

"Thus have I laboured, and laboured on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the tramp of doom, in the closing verse!"

God forgive me, if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day."

The friar here pauses with some satisfaction on the beauty of his own work, and then proceeds:—

"There now is an initial letter!
King René himself never made a better!
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!
And now as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee!"

[He looks from the window.

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscape and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one on her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book."

This is charmingly felt, and is almost as perfect in its way as one of the friar's initial letters.

Here is a piece of landscape painting, touched with a masterly hand. Walter von Vogelweid is the speaker. He is looking down on the Rhine from his friend, Prince Henry's, castle:—

"The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun apathetic his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margin,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows for ever, broad and still
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friends! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er."

A dialogue between the Prince and Elsie, as they are riding towards Hirschau, will present another aspect of the varied power which appears throughout this volume. The stanzas are spoken alternately by Elsie and the Prince, the lady beginning:—

"Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city,
Impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of
doing and daring!"

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous
strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of
souls in pain.

Faith can alone interpret life, and the heart that aches
and feels the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can com-
prehend its dark enigma.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of
what may betide;
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that
rides by an angel's side?

All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog
under the creaking wain
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses
toil and strain.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the waggoner
laughs with the landlord's daughter,
While out of the dripping troughs the horses distend their
leathern sides with water.

All through life are wayside inns, where man may refresh
his soul with love,
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by
springs from above!

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley
stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered
with lightest snow.

Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;
We cannot hear it nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still."

But our space warns that we must cease to enter through this agreeable landscape to the music of elastic verse. We therefore lay down the volume, promising to all who seek it a very delightful evening's reading, for which we most cordially thank Mr. Longfellow, although, as critics, we should have been better pleased to have met him on ground less airy and remote.

On the First Series of Egyptian Gods, and its Historico-Mythological Origin. Über den ersten Aegyptischen Götterkreis und seine geschichtlich-mythologische Entstehung. Von R. Lepsius. Mit vier Tafeln. 4to. Berlin.

ALMOST every writer on Egyptian theology, from Jablonsky to Bunsen, has endeavoured to identify, among the manifold gods of their Pantheon, the eight older deities mentioned by Herodotus, in the 145th chapter of the 'Euterpe.' In a note to his 'Chronologie der Aegypter,' vol. i., p. 505, Lepsius announced the discovery, that this series originally consisted only of seven, and was subsequently enlarged to eight. The present dissertation, read before the Royal Academy of Berlin, supplies the monumental and other evidence of this discovery, and gives the names of these deities *majorum gentium*. The proof that they were originally seven appears to us by no means satisfactorily made out; since upon the altar of Turin, of the sixth dynasty, the oldest monument on which they have been found, they are nine in number, and it is only by grouping some of them in pairs that they can in any instance be brought to the precise number of eight. But Lepsius has ascertained that there is a fixed order in which they succeed each other on a great number of monuments. There were, however, two different systems—one, orthodox, at Memphis, and therefore chiefly known to the Greeks, who rarely visited Upper Egypt; the other at Thebes. The priests of each city prefixed to the list of seven, the chief divinity of their own local worship, and thus Pthah stood at the head of the Memphite series, Amun of the Theban. These changes were connected with the political history of Egypt. Amun did not obtain his place as 'king of the gods,' till the two sovereigns of the New Monarchy made Thebes their residence.

Egyptian mythology has generally been treated as if it were a system of theological, metaphysical, or physical doctrines, developed by a learned priesthood, and impressed by them on the popular mind. The researches of Lepsius tend to show that, on the contrary, the system was made up of the worship of local divinities, confirming the statement of Herodotus, that Osiris and Isis alone were held in equal honour by all the Egyptians. These local diversities, however, appear, according to our author, to have had their origin in solar worship. The two deities who come next in order to the Memphite Pthah and the Theban Amun—namely, Mentu and Atmu, (more commonly written Montu and Athom) are clearly solar gods. Such was, according to him, Osiris himself, though the plastic idea of the giver of life took various forms, as that of the earth and the Nile.

One of the most puzzling problems in Egyptian antiquity has been to explain the appearance at Thebes, and more conspicuously

at Tel Amarna, in Middle Egypt, of sovereigns occupied in acts of worship to the disk of the sun. Layard (ii., 304) supposes them to be Assyrian conquerors. Lepsius has explored with great care the ruins of Tel Amarna and the other traces of these sun-worshippers, and gives the following result of his researches. The sovereign, who for some reason unknown to us, undertook to bring back the complex system of the Egyptian religion to the simple worship of the physical sun, was Amenophis IV. of the 18th dynasty. In his zeal he not only effaced the name of Amun on a vast number of the monuments of Egypt, but removed the royal residence from Thebes to Tel Amarna, where he dedicated a temple to the worship of the sun, and even changed his own patronymic, in consequence of its containing the obnoxious name of Amun, to *Bech-en-aten* (sun-worshipper) the Atinrebakhan of other Egyptologists. He reigned at least twelve years, and had seven daughters. The husband of the eldest was designed by him to be his successor, and is called 'King of Egypt' during his father-in-law's life-time; but a reaction in favour of the ancient religion took place after his death. Tel Amarna was abandoned and laid in ruins; two kings of doubtful title succeeded him before Horus, who completely re-established the old order of things, and introduced the glorious dynasty of the Ramessides. Such is the ingenious combination by which Lepsius explains the appearance of the sun-worshippers on the Egyptian monuments. In one important point it is not satisfactory to us; if we may trust the delineations of them (Tr. Roy. Soc., Lit. 8vo, 1, 140,) their physiognomy was not Egyptian.

In the remainder of his 'Dissertation,' Lepsius treats of the erasure of the figure of Set on the Egyptian monuments, and the worship of Serapis. On the latter subject we await the information which may be looked for from the researches which M. Mariette is about to make into the remains of the splendid temple of this god near Memphis. If, notwithstanding all the learning and acuteness of our author, some doubts still hang over his conclusions, it is from the difficulty of framing a continuous and consistent history out of such fragmentary and obscure documents as he has to deal with.

The Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By Abraham Mills. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Sampson Low.

UPWARDS of twenty years ago Mr. Mills began to lecture upon English literature. These lectures he has repeated annually ever since, and at each repetition he has added the results of his intervening studies. Vast as is the subject, the time he has devoted to it was sufficient for the task, but twenty years with some men yield less than twenty months with others. Mr. Mills has neither made the most of his subject nor of his time. The title of his work is more ambitious than the contents. Instead of an elaborate attempt to characterize the literature and the literary men of Great Britain, we have a meagre summary, such as is to be found in any ordinary biographical dictionary, with an extract from the writings of each successive author. There are thus two aspects under which the work of Mr. Mills may be regarded,—as a collection of extracts, and as a literary history. Among those books of

the first description, which take in the entire compass of our literature, it occupies a high place; among books of the second class it would rank near the bottom. Its claims to be a companion to the histories of Warton and Hallam may be quickly disposed of. One of the greatest prose writers in the language was Jonathan Swift,—a man so various and so original, that when the imagination wanders over the field of our literature, his works must always present themselves among the mountains of the landscape. Here is all that Mr. Mills has to say upon so fertile a theme. "His satires, such as the 'Battle of the Books,' and 'Argument against the Abolition of Christianity,' are doubtless written with much talent; and 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' display much original genius; but how any clergyman could write and publish in such a strain is, to us, inconceivable." The rest of the notice is entirely taken up with the man and the poet; and if it is inconceivable to Mr. Mills that Swift, being a clergyman, should write the 'Tale of a Tub,' it is equally inconceivable to us, that Mr. Mills, being a critic, could publish such an account of it. He might just as well publish a treatise on astronomy, to inform us that there is a sun in the firmament by day, and a moon by night, as confine a review of the prose of Swift to the assertion that there is talent in his satires, and genius in his Gulliver. We want to know the nature of the talent and the genius,—the subjects upon which they were shown, the particulars in which he excelled, and in which he fell short. A criticism on a book is a description of its contents, and of the literary execution, and, like any other description, is useless unless it conveys a just and vivid idea. If the obvious characteristics of the work are alone brought out, it may be correct but common-place; if latent beauties, which escape the notice of ordinary eyes, are distinguished and defined, it becomes acute and ingenious. Mr. Mills has too often none at all, and what he has is, in general, meagre and vapid. A large proportion of it could have been written without reading a line of the authors of whom it treats. When we meet with such vague generalities it is impossible not to suspect that the judgments are second-hand,—the boots of previous critics cut down to shoes. Campbell—the poet—published a work of infinitely higher pretensions, in which there is some of the most beautiful writing of the age; but he had the modesty to call it 'Specimens of the British Poets,' and we would recommend Mr. Mills to lower his title and elevate his style to Campbell's level.

The merit of Mr. Mills' book is, that it supplies extracts from three hundred authors, beginning with Cadmon and ending with Junius. The first extract, indeed, in Mr. Mills' volumes is from the poems of Ossian. He says, that he will not trouble himself to inquire whether they are spurious, but will assume them to be genuine, which is reversing the conclusion to which everybody has arrived for the last half-century, who has taken that trouble which Mr. Mills declines. A few scraps of Celtic song may have been handed down by tradition; but it is no less settled that Macpherson was the author of the poems of Ossian than that Chatterton was the author of the poems of Rowley. Sculptors have sometimes added a hand or a foot to an antique statue; but these fabricators found at most a finger or a toe, and added a body. Neither of them showed discretion in

their coinage. That of Macpherson has too much modern tinsel for a rude age, and that of Chatterton is overlaid with an excess of rust, which betrayed the secret it was designed to conceal. It is a bad omen when an author stumbles on the threshold, and Mr. Mills' mode of treating Ossian gives a low idea of his judgment and research. But his notices, viewed as mere introductions to the extracts, are creditable upon the whole. They give a tolerable notion of who the author was, what he did, and what he wrote. They are not original or profound; but they are useful and unpretending sketches, which serve, while we pass along the gallery, to explain the pictures that are the real object of attraction.

Mr. Mills has grouped the authors in classes—the dramatists in one, the poets in another, the novelists in a third, and the divines in a fourth. This arrangement is, we think, the best; but as the same author has often excelled in different species of composition, it is obviously necessary that he should have a niche in several of the apartments into which Mr. Mills has divided the temple of fame. He has, however, bestowed double and triple honours with a sparing hand. Goldsmith must be judged by the specimens of his poetry. Of his prose not a line is quoted, though we have extracts from worse novels than the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and from worse comedies than 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Those who have fared better are not very numerous. The rule, with some exceptions, of Mr. Mills' circus is, that one author must not ride two horses. The variety of matter is nevertheless great, and books of this sort can never attain to completeness. Their use is to furnish the best specimens of authors whose works are not worth reading in the bulk, and to serve as a guide to those who deserve to be chewed and digested.

A page from a writer in sixteen volumes octavo will not do much towards making us master of his wisdom or his wit, but when we have tasted a mouthful, it may dispose us to secure the whole hog. It is only thus that we are the better for study. We must pore over an author until we are imbued with his spirit, or the knowledge goes as easily as it is got. Then we lay the fault upon our want of memory, which is the scape-goat of the mind, and bears the blame of want of capacity, want of industry, and want of thought. It is held to be the lowest of the faculties, for which reason nobody is ashamed to confess that he is without it. But the other faculties get on badly in its absence. Wine is useless without a bottle to hold it.

Mr. Knight's 'Half-Hours with Eminent Authors' had previously occupied, in some degree, Mr. Mills' ground. The authors in Mr. Knight are not arranged in chronological order, and the original notices are shorter. But the extracts, on the other hand, are longer, and there is a terse precision in the few lines of introductory criticism which conveys brighter ideas than pages of flat circumlocutory phrases. Men, like Mr. Knight, who have passed a life in the study of literature, are the persons to compile such books with skill. They don't turn over the leaves for the nonce to mark, almost at random, a passage with the pen, but they give the passages which were marked by the mind in its free and steady perusal of the author in by-gone days. So with their criticism. It is unlikely—nay, impossible—that they should re-traverse the whole of the road they have passed to note the peculiarities

of the landscape, but the prominent features dwell upon their memory, and come out all the more boldly that they are not overlaid with an infinity of minor details. The exact and vivid conception which Mr. Knight will give of an author in a couple of sentences is often surprising. He hits the right nail upon the head, and at one blow drives it well into the mind of the reader. More delightful half-hours with eminent authors could hardly be spent than those which we pass with them under the guidance of one of their number, who has done so much for letters both as a writer and a publisher. Mr. Mills has taken a leaf out of a great many books, and if his 'Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain' should reach a second edition, he may with advantage, in the highest sense of the words, take a leaf out of the book of Mr. Knight.

We subjoin the most favourable specimens we have been able to discover of Mr. Mills' criticism. That on Butler is his master-piece:—

"Hudibras is a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the Puritans of the civil war and commonwealth. It is a production of matchless wit and fancy; but the construction of the story, and the delineation of the characters, have often been praised far beyond their merit. In these particulars, it has very slender claims to originality. Cervantes is evidently the model which Butler followed, and Hudibras is Don Quixote turned Puritan. He has exchanged the helmet of Malbrino for the close cap of Geneva. Instead of encountering giants and enchanters, he wages war with papists and prelatists. He is not quite so unsophisticated a lunatic as Don Quixote. When his own interest is concerned, his apprehension becomes wonderfully keen. Ralpho, also, is but a conventional edition of Sancho. Butler might have made the fanaticism of Hudibras more amiable and more sincere, without at all weakening either the truth or the comic force of the picture. These observations apply only to our author's delineation of character, and not to the fine touches of satire, and to the keen and profound observation on morals and manners in which his work is so remarkably rich. Butler's genius was eminently didactic. He was not an inventor, but an observer. His satire is keen and caustic; his wit brilliant and delightful. His knowledge of arts and sciences appears to have been both extensive and profound; and he has brought a wonderful variety of attainment and research to the embellishment of his poem."

His characters of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, are in his best manner, but that of Hume is the happiest of the three:—

"Hume's philosophical works are now little read; but his history, though not a work of high authority, is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. The striking parts of his subject are related with picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties, and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathize heartily with any political party; too sceptical in matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford; the struggles of his countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts, excited in him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits, and exaggerate the faults, of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and con-

temptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. The manner of Dr. Robertson's writing is more uniform and measured than that of Hume. He has no salient points and no careless beauties. He wants, however, spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency. The artificial graces of his style are finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpse of the New World broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry. In most of the essential qualifications of an historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson, and in some things he was superior to either. He had greater depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar; all its accessories and tributaries,—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, the most minute details of geography, every shade of manners, opinions, and public character in Roman and cotemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of dignity which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious circuit, also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In concentrating his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid order, he is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quickening and adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other powers. He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints local scenery, national costume or manners, with all the force and animation of an eyewitness."

This is respectable, and if all had been like it, we should have been less sparing of praise. Mr. Mills' book, however, is better than himself, for the plums of the pudding are furnished by others, and his is the flour which holds them together.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier. A new Edition, with several New Ballads. W. S. Orr and Co.

OF Bon Gaultier and his ballads we have already (*ante* p. 14) spoken with hearty praise. In the midst of so much tame poetry, the energy and originality of such a writer caught the public ear, and many were pleased with the rough and ready wit of this lyric Rabelais. Not a few of his pieces were pointed with useful morals, to drive which home the broad jests were made subservient. Before 'The Book' appeared, public opinion had already passed favourable sentence on many of the ballads, and they were destined for a more permanent and prominent place than they had found in the scattered numbers of magazines. Set off by illustrations in the happiest style of such artists as Alfred Crowquill, Richard Doyle, and John Leech, the book could not miss the popularity of which the demand for this new edition is an indication.

One word we must say concerning the reception of Bon Gaultier by the free and enlightened citizens of America. In the introductory note to one of his ballads he refers to "the burst of amiable indignation" which followed the issue of Boz's 'Notes,' and with keen satire does justice to "the bitterness and immortal hate of these thin-skinned sons of freedom." A similar strain of gentle and generous criticism saluted the advent of this new satirist. From what we have seen in American journals and reviews, it appears

that Bon Gaultier is no favourite, and that 'The Book of Ballads' is on the U.S. *Index Expurgatorius*.

Our American brethren should rather be thankful to have their faults honestly told them, and such doubtless is the feeling of all who wish to see them mended. That Bon Gaultier is not partial in his satire, is proved by the severe handling his own countrymen receive from him for their bad habits. For this, all right-feeling Scotchmen will be pleased with Theodore Martin. The best of the additional pieces in this edition is 'The Rhyme of Sir Launcelot Bogle,' from which it appears that the 'love of drink,' for which Scotland is sadly pre-eminent among the nations, is not a vice of recent origin. The story of the Rhyme is this. To Bon Gaultier, asleep one summer day in the burying-ground of the cathedral of Glasgow, there rose the vision of the old castle of the Bogles, which once was near the spot, and a siege which it stood from the Glasgow citizens, the sister of one of whom, George of Gorbals, had been carried off, like another Helen, by Sir Launcelot Bogle. The dream was suggested by having seen the old tombstone of the knight.

"Ten days the combat lasted; but the bold defenders fasted,
While the foemen, better pastied, fed their host;
You might hear the savage cheers of the hungry Gorbals,
As at night they dressed the steers
For the roast."

Sir Launcelot was growing thin, and dependency was overcoming them all, and Edith had offered to return to her brother, and so save her lover's life, when the chief of the Bogles hit upon the following stratagem, unsurpassed in the history of sieges, since Troy's wooden horse:—

"All our chances are not lost, as your brother and his host
Shall discover to their cost rather hard!
Ho, Provan! take this key—hoist up the Malvoisie,
And heap it, d'ye see,
In the yard."

"Of usquebaugh and rum, you will find I reckon some,
Besides the beer and mum, extra stout;
Go straightway to your tasks, and roll me all the casks,
As also range the flasks,
Just without."

"If I know the Gorbals, they are sure to dip their ears
In the very inmost tiers of the drink.
Let them win the outer court, and hold it for their sport,
Since their time is rather short,
I should think."

The sequel of the tale and the moral of it may be easily guessed. Only we may give the comic episode on which the clever illustration turns, when on the Christmas after the fight, a large barrel of XXX was not running very clear, Provan is sent down to see the reason, and discovered the skeleton in armour of Drunken George of Gorbals! We take up the rhyme where the Bogles have sallied from the inner castle to the court, and are making havoc on the now defenceless Gorbals. Sir Launcelot seeks in vain to meet their leader:—

"George of Gorbals—craven lord! thou didst threat me
With the cord,
Come forth and brave my sword, if you dare!"
But he met with no reply, and never could descry
The glitter of his eye
Anywhere.

"Ere the dawn of morning shone, all the Gorbals were
down,
Like a field of barley mown in the ear:
It had done a soldier good, to see how Provan stood,
With Neish all bathed in blood,
Panting near."

"Now ply ye to your tasks—go carry down those casks,
And place the empty flasks on the floor.
George of Gorbals scarce will come, with trumpet and with
drum,
To taste our beer and rum
Any more!"

"So they plied them to their tasks, and they carried down
the casks,
And replaced the empty flasks on the floor;
But pallid for a week was the cellar-master's cheek,
For he swore he heard a shriek
Through the door."

"When the merry Christmas came, and the Yule-log lent
its flame
To the face of squire and dame in the hall,
The cellarer went down to tap October brown,
Which was rather of renown
'Mongst them all."

"He placed the spigot low, and gave the cask a blow,
But his liquor would not flow through the pin.
'Sure, 'tis sweet as honeysuckles!' so he rapped it with his
knuckles,
But a sound, as if of buckles,
Clashed within."

"Bring a hatchet, varlets, here!" and they cleft the cask
of beer:
What a spectacle of fear met their sight!
There George of Gorbals lay, scull and bones all blanched
and grey,
In the arms he bore the day
Of the fight!"

"I have sung this ancient tale, not, I trust, without avail,
Though the moral ye may fail to perceive,
Sir Launcelot is dust, and his gallant sword is rust,
And now, I think, I must
Take my leave!"

As a gift-book, for Christmas or any other season, 'The Book of Ballads' will be in request, sterling wit, both of pen and pencil, being here set off by neat external embellishment.

The Whale. By Herman Melville.
3 vols. Bentley.

THRICE unlucky Herman Melville! Three goodly volumes has he written, with the main purpose of honouring the Cachalot, and disparaging the *Mysticete*, and his publisher has sent them into the world in brilliant covers of blue and white, with three Greenland whales stamped in gold on their binding. How they spout! Three unmistakeable *Mysticeti*, sloping heads, and jaws fringed with long combs of baleen. Shade of extinguished *spermaceti*, how thy light has been put out by the bookbinders!

This is an odd book, professing to be a novel; wantonly eccentric; outrageously bombastic; in places charmingly and vividly descriptive. The author has read up laboriously to make a show of cetalogical learning. He has turned over the articles *Whale*, *Porpoise*, *Cachalot*, *Spermaceti*, *Baleen*, and their relatives, in every Encyclopædia within his reach. Thence he has resorted to the original authorities—a difficult and tedious task, as every one who has sought out the sources of statements set forth without reference in Cyclopædias knows too well. For our own part, we believe that there must have been some old original Cyclopædia, long since lost or destroyed, out of which all the others have been compiled. For when one is compared with another, it becomes too plain that one or other is a barefaced pillage and extract from a secondhand source. Herman Melville is wise in this sort of wisdom. He uses it as stuffing to fill out his skeleton story. Bad stuffing it makes, serving only to try the patience of his readers, and to tempt them to wish both him and his whales at the bottom of an unfathomable sea. If a man will light his lamp with whale oil, when gas and camphine are at hand, he must be content with a dull illumination.

The story of this novel scarcely deserves the name. The supposed author, a young sailor, resolves to join the whalers. He falls in with a strange bedfellow at starting, a picturesque savage, one Queequeg, a New Zealand prince, who has abdicated his dignities in order to see the world, and who moves

through nautical society with a harpoon in his hand and a wooden god in his pocket. Mr. Melville cannot do without savages, so he makes half his *dramatis personæ* wild Indians, Malays, and other untamed humanities. Queequeg and the writer become sworn friends. They join a whale-ship, commanded by a strange old one-legged Captain Ahab, who cherishes a mysterious purpose—no less than the intention of pursuing to death a ferocious white *spermaceti* whale, who has knocked no end of ships to pieces, and chewed off any number of legs, arms, and heads of whale-fishers. Ahab peregrinates the ocean in search of his enemy, for it was Moby Dick—that is the name of the whale—who abbreviated the Captain's lower extremities. What the author's original intention in spinning his preposterous yarn was, it is impossible to guess; evidently, when we compare the first and third volumes, it was never carried out. He seems to have despaired of exciting interest about a leviathan hero and a crazy whale-skipper, and when he found his manuscript sufficient for the filling up of three octavos, resolved to put a stop to whale, captain, crew, and savages by a *coup de main*. Accordingly, he sends them down to the depths of ocean all in a heap, using his milk-white *spermaceti* as the instrument of ruthless destruction. How the imaginary writer, who appears to have been drowned with the rest, communicated his notes for publication to Mr. Bentley is not explained. The whole affair would make an admirable subject for an Easter entertainment at Astley's.

Having said so much that may be interpreted as censure, it is right that we should add a word of praise where deserved. There are sketches of scenes at sea, of whaling adventures, storms, and ship-life, equal to any we have ever met with. A single extract will serve as an illustration. It is a description of an attack upon a whale during a squall, and the fearful consequences of the rash exploit:—

"Our sail was now set, and, with the still rising wind, we rushed along, the boat going with such madness through the water, that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the row-locks."

"Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen."

"Give way, men," whispered Starbuck, drawing still farther aft the sheet of his sail; 'there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There's white water again:—close to! Spring.'

"Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard, when with a lightning-like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: 'Stand up!' and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprung to his feet."

"Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound, as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents."

"That's his hump. There, there, give it to him!" whispered Starbuck.

"A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat—it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge: the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapour shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were

tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

"Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and lashing them across the gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering every rib and plank, so that to our downward-gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

"The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers together; the whole squall roared, forked, and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning—immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack, and mist, grew darker with the shadows of night; no sign of the ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. The oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern; then stretching it on a waif-pole, handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that Almighty forlornness;—there, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

"Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing, his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form. Affrighted, we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length.

"Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we swam for it, were dashed against it by the sea, and were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing,—an oar or a lance pole."

Mr. Herman Melville has earned a deservedly high reputation for his performances in descriptive fiction. He has gathered his own materials, and travelled along fresh and untrodden literary paths, exhibiting powers of no common order, and great originality. The more careful, therefore, should he be to maintain the fame he so rapidly acquired, and not waste his strength on such purposeless and unequal doings as these rambling volumes about spermaceti whales.

Original Views of Passages in the Life and Writings of the Poet-Philosopher of Venusia.
By John Murray, M.A., Lay Resident Master of Trinity College, Dublin. Hodges and Smith.

HAD we read Mr. Murray's title-page before we read his book, its verbosity might have deterred us from further inquiry into the merits of his speculations. It savours so little of the terseness of Horace himself, that we should have doubted the fitness of the hand

that penned it to throw light upon that poet's familiar pages, and believed that it was but one other layer added to the already overwhelming weight of dulness, under which the commentators have striven to bury the mercurial bard. Nor is the fault of tediousness confined to the title-page, for Mr. Murray has apparently laboured so long among these worthies, that a little of the Bæotian atmosphere natural to the race clings about him, so that, when his ideas are good, they are rather apt to be obscured by the grandiloquence of his style. We are the more surprised at this, seeing that not only does he possess a thorough critical knowledge of Horace's works, but seems to be entirely in sympathy with his spirit. His hearty out-and-out admiration of the man, and appreciation of those noble qualities, both of heart and moral feeling, which have too rarely been fully recognised by the critics, would, to our minds, cover a multitude of minor defects. Meeting with this early in the book, we hoped to have seen it followed up by a detailed view of the personal character of the bard of Venusia, based on a complete mastery of the materials for this which his works afford—a sketch, the necessity for which has been by no means superseded by Milman's elegant, but feeble and often inaccurate memoir. To our disappointment, however, Mr. Murray limits his 'Original Views' to an able, though lengthened, exposition of a few familiar lines in the sixth satire of the first book, and the elucidation of some doubtful passages, in which he seems to us to achieve the usual alternations of success and failure.

So far as it goes, the book is very well. But for any useful purpose in Horatian criticism it should have gone much further. As it stands, it is little more than notes on Horace, which would have been acceptable as appendages to the text among other notes, or in the pages of a classical magazine; but which have scarcely interest or weight to sustain a separate volume. It is thus likely to hit the taste neither of the scholar nor of the general reader, being scarcely weighty enough for the one, while it is unquestionably too heavy for the other. We see in it, however, abundant evidence, both of attainments and power, to produce a better life of Horace than has hitherto been produced, in English literature at least; and if Mr. Murray will address himself to the task of producing such a work, taking care to prune his style of its redundancy, and to put what he has to say into the fewest and simplest words, we feel assured he will produce a most agreeable and useful book.

It is impossible for us to follow Mr. Murray into any of the points of critical discussion which he has raised. These necessarily involve a minuteness and length of exposition unsuited to the pages of our journal; but we can confidently promise the Horatian scholar many useful suggestions and some valuable light on important passages of Horace's biography from a perusal of Mr. Murray's labours. The following extract will show the spirit in which he treats his author on a point where he is often inconsiderately assailed:—

"In the almost unqualified praise accorded in these pages to the mental dispositions and literary performances of Horace, whether regarded in a poetical or in a philosophical light, some portions of his works are assumed to be as virtually nonexistent in fact, as they should ever be unrecognised in publication. The evil consequences of objectionable expressions, spoken or written, are

often beyond the reach of repentance and reformation: but it is a concession, which the weakness of human nature not less urgently needs, than the good feeling of society is prompt to extend, that where a departure from propriety is plainly ascribable to influences, whether from within or from without, which the party yielding to them had not adequate means, from whatever cause, of viewing in their true aspect, and where an assurance of any kind exists, that, had his opportunities of reflecting and judging been larger, his conduct would have been different, the record of transgression is expunged, and the offender stands exactly as though he had not transgressed. Is this meed of equitable charity to be freely bestowed upon those who yet live to encounter, and perhaps again to fail under, probation; and is it to be denied to the memory of those whose frailty is now beyond the reach of trial—the exact measure of whose faults is fixed?

"Surely—putting aside the question, how far the practical influences of Christianity would have been likely to affect the conduct of one whose unaided light even divines themselves are proud to reflect—there lives not that scholar who believes that, at the lowest estimate, the judicious sagacity, the refined taste, the philosophic predilections of Horace, would tolerate even the momentary continuance amongst his writings of the least word which could offend the sensibilities of such society as would now do him homage, could he personally visit the scenes of modern enlightenment. But, in whatever degree a coarse expression, or one offensive to morality, is found to be advisedly and unreservedly published by the poet laureate of a court, in the same degree is an *a fortiori* proof afforded of the universal prevalence of a vicious standard by which the law of public opinion would be adjusted at the time. The submission yielded to this law is as implicit, as both its provisions and permissions in any society must be even inconceivable to the members of many others. Hence our surprise may in a great measure be transferred from the original discovery of such passages in our author to the bad taste and even the injustice of retaining them on record. They were penned ere yet the Christian era dawned on man—they are recalled by all else that their author ever penned. Where he sinned, no chastening voice was heard—where he repents, the Graces themselves intercede."

Mr. Murray has annexed to his volume specimens of his powers as a writer of Latin verse in hexameters and Sapphics, of more than average excellence, on the subject of the birth of the Prince of Wales. Such things, however, have few readers, and at best are scarcely worth the pains of composition.

Reise nach Istrien, Dalmatien, und Montenegro. Von J. G. Kohl. Dresden: Arnold, Williams and Norgate.

THE volume before us is the result of an excursion made by Herr Kohl during the past year along the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, partly because attention had been directed to the inhabitants of these coasts by some of the events of the late Hungarian war, and partly because our information respecting the territories and inhabitants of Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, is somewhat meagre. The author is not a political gossip in his travels, still his book will in due time furnish matter for many journalistic essays, strung together by the loose thread of a narrative of personal adventures. What we respect in Herr Kohl is the absence of pretence, and the conscientious matter-of-fact manner in which he proceeds to discharge the limited duties which he has imposed upon himself. We cannot, at this busy season, follow him throughout his journey from Zara to Cattaro, and we content ourselves with ex-

tracting some of the lighter and more generally interesting portions of his book. Leaving him to scud along the coast through the group of Quarnero islands, on which his notes are both copious and curious, we join him in Sebenico, a city on the conflux of the Kerka, the largest of the Dalmatian rivers, with the Adriatic. He tells us that to admire Sebenico and other Dalmatian towns, a man must forget his prejudices, and resolve not to be shocked by dirt, misery, and bad air, and much less by the wild and barbarous appearance of the people whom he meets in the streets. Herr Kohl's first visit to the town fell on a market day in September, a few days only after the vintage. The month of September is called *Kinan* (the purple) by the Dalmatians, on account of the superabundance of red wine.

"The town," says he, "was filled with Morlack peasants and mountaineers from the interior. These fellows, with their long, lanky limbs, wild, sunburnt, bearded faces, frowzy pigtales, and partly-coloured, though dirty and frequently ragged national costumes, with their poniards and pistols in belts and pouches, appear to be banditti to the backbone, although in reality they are the most good-natured people in the universe. They brought greens and meat to market, but the majority had wine in goatskins. They stood at the corners of streets, selling the black liquid to the townspeople, who held their pots and cans under the skins, and caught the broad purple stream; and the Morlacks, moderating the flow according to the purchase-money they had received, opened and shut the skins by the pressure of their hands. The goatskins had the hairy side outward, and it seemed as if the animals were just being killed, for the dark red wine squirted forth like a stream of blood. Such transactions were going on at all the corners of all the streets in Sebenico. Drunkenness prevailed to a great extent, and wild songs and melodies, the like of which I never heard, arose from the pothouses. And amidst all this uproar, it rained very hard, and many poor fellows, with little or no clothing, sought refuge under the porticos of the churches, from whence priests issued to warn them off. But the 'impertinent' fellows would not stir, nor could they be induced to leave, until one of the priests raised his staff to strike them. In short, I was perfectly astonished when, late at night, I was taken from the midst of this Sodom and Gomorrah, to a comfortably furnished house, whose inmates were decent, quiet, and civilised. I was almost tempted to ask them by what means they could have been induced to pitch their tent beyond the pale of Christendom."

We cannot afford space for Herr Kohl's elaborate and tasteful description of Diocletian's villa at Spalato, and of the temple of Jupiter; but it is worthy of remark that even those remote parts of Europe (further removed from us by far than America or even Australia) were acquainted with and alive to the importance of the Great Exhibition. Herr Kohl tells us that he was taken to see a schoolmaster at Spalato, an enthusiastic antiquarian, who had constructed a model of Jupiter's temple, and executed the work with surprising fidelity, cleanliness, and neatness. This man wished to send his model to the London Exhibition. We are not informed why it was not sent, but Herr Kohl, anxious for the gratification of any antiquarian who might wish to acquire so exquisite a piece of workmanship, gives the maker's address. It is, Giovanni Ciuchich, maestro della J. R. Capo Scuola di Spalato.

From Spalato, the traveller made an excursion to the islands of St. Meleda and St. Andrea, and on this occasion he tells a legend which reminds us of the ancient tradition of Hero and Leander, with this difference only, that in Dalmatia the lady braved the dangers

of the sea by crossing the channel between the islands of Meleda and St. Andrea, and that she fell a victim to the vengeance of her brothers, who at the dead of night, when the poor girl struggled to reach the opposite shore, misled her by hoisting a light to the mast of a boat, and rowing out into the open sea. The Dalmatian hero, Margherita Spolemana was her name, mistook the light for the lamp which burned in her lover's window, and swimming after it, until her strength was exhausted, she sank, and was never again seen on earth. To her lover's credit be it added, that he was a monk in the convent of St. Andrea, and that the rules of his order forbade him to leave the precincts of that convent.

Herr Kohl gives us an interesting account of the Vendetta, or vengeance of blood, as it is still practised by the Morlacks and the inhabitants of Montenegro and the Bocche di Cattaro:—

"If a man be murdered, his son is bound to revenge him; and if he has no son, the vengeance devolves on his nearest relative or heir. If the murdered man's son be an infant in arms, a kerchief which has been steeped in his blood is placed in the child's cradle, and its mother pronounces in its name the oath of vengeance, which she, at a later period, does her best to explain and inculcate. Until the vengeance be consummated the bloody kerchief is hung up in the cottage, and the details of the tragedy are repeated on every occasion.

"A case occurred of late in the Bocca, in which the evidence of a little boy was required. The judge, on putting the usual questions to the child, was rather startled by his answers:—Q. What's your name? A. Sawwa Markowitch. Q. What is your age? A. I'm seven years old. Q. Who is your father? A. Marko Gregorowich; he is not alive. Q. When did he die? A. He did not die. Q. What do you mean? A. He has been murdered. We all know it. He has been murdered by Jurewitsh of Saroshi. When I'm grown up I will shoot him for it. Q. But, my little man, how can you have such naughty thoughts? A. Never mind. I know I am to shoot this man Jurewitsh. My uncle, Peter Gregorowich, the priest, told me so. I'll shoot him with the gun in my uncle's room, and when I'm grown up I am to have that gun to revenge my father, and punish his murderer. That's the truth."

Sensitive persons are naturally polite. So are the Illyrians. They are very careful not to contradict one another. To doubt the accuracy of his statement is enough to rouse the blood of an inhabitant of Montenegro, and to give him the lie is a clear case of Vendetta. So is a blow with a stick. A blow with the hand is considered a minor offence; but worse than a blow with a stick is a blow with the tube of a pipe. To strike a man with the pipe-stick is considered as bad as murder. The Turks are very fond of inflicting corporal punishment by means of that instrument, and many of them have paid dearly for indulging their temper in this manner; and on more than one occasion such an insult, and the revenge which followed on the spot, have been the cause of general insurrection of the Christian population, and of a terrible slaughter among the Turks.

We have said enough to show that Herr Kohl's last book, like most of his former works, is well worth the perusal. In justice to him we ought to add, that we have but mentioned some of his chapters, and even those but slightly. To treat him according to his merits would require much more space than we are at liberty to bestow on the productions of the foreign press. But as this is a prize for translators, we hope to meet him

again, and in an English garb too. Our literature abounds in good books; but nevertheless there is room for works like the one we have the pleasure most earnestly to recommend.

The House on the Rock. By the Author of the 'Dream Chintz,' &c. Wright.

WE have watched with interest the successful progress of the amiable and accomplished writer of 'Old Jolliffe,' 'The Trap to Catch a Sunbeam,' and other little tales, which are as excellent in their spirit as they are delightful in their style. In reviewing last year 'The Dream Chintz,' we expressed a hope that a pen at once so skilful and agreeable might produce many such Christmas books. With that now before us, 'The House on the Rock,' we are still more pleased. While the same kindly and cheerful spirit pervades the book, there is improvement in 'the art of writing,'—in the management, we mean, both of the style and the story. We are also glad that the author finds an interesting tale can be told without the use of fairies, or other supernatural agents. The occasional introduction of such *dramatis personæ* we should be very sorry to miss; but after so much use of fairy-land machinery, it is well that all the scenery and characters of the present tale belong to our flesh-and-blood world, with its living realities and warm humanities. The story of the book we have not time to tell here, but a single extract, with two or three introductory sentences, will enable the reader to guess at the drift of it, and at the same time show the author's style. Two aged men, not related, but loving as brothers, with Mabel, the daughter of one of them, live in humble but peaceful and cheerful poverty in a little house on the rocky cliff, near one of our south-coast watering-places. One day, the girl, who had been the pride and solace of the old men, is missing. She was last seen on the evening previous, with a young gentleman, who was heard to say, 'Think over it, and let me know to-morrow.' This was one of a family who, in staying at the neighbouring town, had become acquainted with Mabel and the old people. That very day the family had left for town, and Mabel doubtless had gone thither also. The father, John Raby, is heart-rent with grief, and we find Matthew is a poor comforter, for his suggestions as to Mabel's absence are such as double the grief for the loss of such a daughter. After some time—a letter enclosing money having meanwhile shown that Mabel was well and thought of them—the father determines to walk to London to seek his child, and from London the story leads him onward towards their country-seat in Derbyshire, whither the family had gone.

"The evenings are growing colder and colder, the winds more rough and wintry, wave after wave comes dashing on the shore, the sky is heavy with lead-coloured clouds, and a small fine rain is falling: this weather has continued for some days, and still there seems no chance of its clearing, the sun is setting now, but its light is pale and watery, no rich red glow gives fair promise of a brighter day to-morrow, no hope can be gathered from that sickly gleam of light; the fishermen come to their doors and shading their eyes with their hands, look out upon the sunset, and shaking their heads go back into their homes, saying, 'More dirty weather by the look on't.'"

"Poor Matthew! since the day John had started to seek his child, he could not rest beneath the roof where they had all once been so happy; he would have no fire, no light, but wandered unceasingly by

the sea-shore, only going in at bed-time, taking what little nourishment he wanted upon the beach; still believing Mabel guilty, he was grieved that his old friend should have left him to seek her, and the bright light which had dawned on his heart vanished with Mabel: and the bitter feelings that had been so long nourished there, returned with their old force, for again he saw in the higher classes, the proud and overbearing enemies of the poor, and again he felt his old thirst for vengeance upon those who had so grievously wronged him.

"Old John could not write, so there was no hope of hearing from him; but a day or two after he left, a letter came for him, which on opening, Matthew discovered was from Mabel, enclosing some more money. Angrily Matthew dashed both aside, ejaculating—'No, no, I'll starve first—Then her father has not found her—it's all over, we've no child now!' and covering his face with his hands he rocked himself backwards and forwards, in an agony of mind too deep for words.

"Could an observer have seen the way in which the two old men passed that night, the contrast would have been a strange one to contemplate. Raby was lying on a small bed in a cottage in Derbyshire, having been found exhausted by fatigue and want of food, by a labourer who bore him kindly to his own home, and with that self-denying charity so often found amongst the poor, had shared with him his supper, and given him his bed."

How Old Matthew came to be so linked with Mabel's father,—how Mabel had entered into Lady Newbery's service, in order to get means to make the old men more comfortable, how she there met with others connected with her own mother's history—the romantic attachment to her of Leigh, the gentleman-artist—the return to the seaside cottage—these and other branches of the story we do not attempt to trace. Only let us say that the tale has rather a tragic and sombre end, when one so lovely and loveable as Mabel remains a forlorn spinster, and ends her days as a village schoolmistress. Yet even in this, the high lesson is suggested, that virtue's reward may not always be in this life, and that hope and faith must look through this world's clouds of disappointment or sorrow into an eternal sunshine.

"She could not love again, she would not marry, so you find her still Mabel Raby, loved and respected by all who knew her, carrying always with her a priceless jewel, a calm, contented spirit. Yes, though no longer in that dwelling where her early years were passed, Mabel's true, pure religion, that religion which visits the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keeps itself unspotted from the world, proved that she had built and dwelt in that house, over which the storms of life had passed without shaking it, for it was founded on a Rock."

We can heartily commend a book like this, where the style and spirit are alike pleasing, the story skilfully told, and the lessons those of charity, piety, and virtue.

NOTICES.

The History of Palestine from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time. By John Kitto, D.D. A. and C. Black.

A COMPENDIOUS and connected history is in this volume given of the Hebrew nation, from their first being distinguished as a separate people in patriarchal times, to their dispersion after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The title professes to carry the history of Palestine down to the present time, but to this portion of national history the space allotted is small. Julian's attempt to rebuild the Temple is described, and also some account given of the Crusades, but the rest of the narrative of the last eighteen centuries is condensed into a few pages, on one of which Tamerlane and Napoleon appear at no great interval. The history of the Jews previous to the dispersion is given with

clearness of plan and minuteness of detail. Introductory chapters contain accounts of the geography, natural history, and the customs and institutions of the country. The author, having travelled and resided in the East, brings his observations and researches to bear on his subject with more intelligence and judgment than many illustrative commentators on Scripture have shown; and his previous experience as editor of 'The Pictorial Bible,' and the 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' had qualified him as a writer of authority on such subjects. For use either in schools and families, or for aiding the biblical researches of the general reader, Dr. Kitto's History will prove valuable. Being also neatly printed, and containing more than two hundred illustrations, it is a beautiful and useful gift-book for young people.

England's Geschichtschreiber. Von F. W. Ebeling. Berlin: Herbig. Williams and Norgate.

We mention this compilation, because the author announces it to the world as a correct list of all English historians of ancient and modern times, with the exception only of those who, according to Herr Ebeling's opinion, are not worthy to take rank with historiographers. Our readers will be astonished to learn that Mr. Macaulay is among the latter. His 'History of England' would, indeed, have entitled him to a corner in Herr Ebeling's book if the list had not been closed with the year 1845; but his 'Political and Historical Essays' are pronounced by that ingenious gentleman to have been altogether overrated in Germany, especially the 'Essay on Macchiavelli,' the only one it appears Herr Ebeling read. As for the work itself, the names and dates are abundant and correct; but if the book is not copied from Petrie and Hardy's 'Materials for the History of Great Britain,' (London, 1848),—as Herr Ebeling assures us it is not, at all events that work supersedes it in this country. Supposing, however, the author had the law on his side, when he 'reserves to himself the right of translation,' we doubt whether any translator or publisher could be found to risk the undertaking. The reservation of the right of translation has of late formed a conspicuous feature on the title-page of many German books. We may, therefore, once for all, inform our German friends that no such right exists on the strength of any international treaty between England and Germany; and because we desire to see literary property protected to the fullest extent, we protest against the superficial assumption of a protection which, in fact, does not exist. To return to Herr Ebeling and his book, we were startled, not at his mentioning James Montgomery and Mr. Southey as historians, but at the long extract he gives of their poetry. Surely 'Don Roderic' is not an historical work, nor indeed is 'Madoc.' Rather lengthy biographies are given of Southey and Montgomery, evidently because the author knew a little more about them than the rest of the writers whom he mentions. His Appendix of Oxford Examination Papers has evidently been added to fill up.

A History of British India. By Charles MacFarlane. Routledge.

COMPILED with care, condensed with judgment, and described with clearness, the records of Anglo-Indian history are here presented in a moderately-sized volume. The work is chiefly designed as an historical manual for students at Haileybury and Addiscombe, and for young officers, or civil servants of the Company in the East. In order to the volume being compact, and "fit for the traveller's portmanteau, or the officer's bullock-trunk," the author says, in his preface, that he has "tried to avoid the use of a single superfluous word." With such endeavour, it would be unfair to criticise the style of the work, or to point out the omission of subjects on which fuller information might have been desirable. The narrative, though concise, is clear; and the frequent authorities cited at once attest the diligence of the author, and give confidence in the accuracy of his statements. Upon various questions capable of affording matter for diversity of opinion silence is preserved, partly, we presume, for fear of offending constituted authori-

ties, with whom it is of importance for the author of such a hand-book to stand well. The general reader, who may not have time for the perusal of more voluminous works, will find here the substance of what is most worth knowing in Anglo-Indian history, from the first beginnings of British influence in the East down to the battle of Goojerat. The general tone of the book, as well as the extent of its information, commend it for use as a manual for students at our East India Colleges.

Leben des Feldmarschalls, Grafen York von Wartenberg. Von J. G. Droysen. Berlin: Veit et Co. Williams and Norgate.

PROFESSOR DROYSSEN is the author of the best history of the German war of liberation. In the course of his reading for this work, he collected the materials for the biography of General York, whose desertion from Napoleon's army in 1812 decided the fate of the Russian campaign. General York is entitled to some interest in this country, for the members of his family claim the same origin as the Earls of Hardwicke, and carry the same arms—namely, the Cross of St. Andrew, blue on argent, with the motto, 'Nec cupias, nec metuas.' The tradition of the Prussian Yorks says that their ancestors, Cavaliers and Catholics, fled from England under Cromwell's protectorate. They sought refuge in Sweden, from whence they followed Charles XII. to the shores of Pomerania. John Louis York, the object of Professor Droysen's memoir, was born in 1759, served under Frederick the Great, was dismissed, and took service in Holland. He commanded a battalion of Dutch troops in Ceylon and the Cape, and returned in 1786 to the Prussian army. The author's account of the young officer's travels and adventures is interesting, and, what is more, it bears the stamp of truthfulness throughout; while a minute knowledge of the minor features of the time enables him to give his narrative a curious and quaint *couleur locale*. This work will be of much value to those who take an interest in the great continental war which at one time seemed to lead to the downfall of England. It is well known that the disastrous result of the Russian campaign struck the first blow at the power of Napoleon, while it became a source of congratulation and of hope to almost every European nation. General York was the prime mover of this change in the destinies of the world, for he and the troops under his command deserted to the Russians at the very moment when their services were most urgently required. Professor Droysen's book throws much light on the negotiations between the Russian generals and the commander of the Prussian auxiliaries of France, while it proves that General York was especially appointed to the command of those auxiliaries by the King, Frederic William III., because the Emperor Napoleon's aversion against him was notorious, and because the King of Prussia had reason to believe that General York would take the opportunity of any reverses which befel the French army to abandon them to their fate, and thus decide the war.

A History of Epidemic Pestilences from the Earliest Ages, 1495 B.C. to A.D. 1848, with Researches into their Nature, Causes, and Prophylaxis. By Edward Bascome, M.D. Churchill.

DR. BASCOME is the resident proprietor of one of the most extensive and best conducted private lunatic asylums in the neighbourhood of London; but notwithstanding the time he must necessarily devote to the superintendence of his house, and the care and treatment of his patients, we do not know a medical work published during the last twenty years exhibiting greater labour and research than that under notice. Many of the authorities quoted by the author are rarely to be met with; and we feel indebted to Dr. Bascome for the clear and perspicuous manner in which he has laid before us the facts there collected, and the deductions which may be drawn from them. The work, which is introductory to a promised volume on the yellow fever and cholera, merits the careful perusal of every person interested in the wellbeing of the human race.

SUMMARY.

Dr Mervyn Clitheroe, a new serial, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, the first number has appeared, with illustrations by 'Phiz.' The story commences in plain narrative style, and carries us through the childhood and boyhood of a Lancashire youth, who does not as yet give promise of any very wonderful character or destiny. Some of his school-time reminiscences are amusing; and the old Bunker's-hill hero, who kept the shop near the school, is a well-sketchd character. It will be remembered that the Rev. Dr. Emerton publicly advertised a prize of a hundred guineas for the best essay on the 'Religious and Moral Teachings of the Great Exhibition.' The prize was awarded to some one whose name we forget, and whose essay is already also out of sight and mind. How many unsuccessful competitors there were we are not aware, but one of them, the Rev. D. P. M. Hulbert, M.A., published his essay with many and loud protests against the fairness of the decision. It is entitled *Reciprocity for 1851; or, an Exhibition of Humanity, Fraternity, and Divinity*. Mr. Hulbert is a most versatile and voluminous writer, the title-page of this third issue of his essay showing him to be "Author of treatises on Ordination, Education, Vegetolia, Emigration, Matrimony, Supremacy, Extreme Unction," &c. &c. Mr. Hulbert has much to say, but he says it without any order or connexion, and in a style and spirit little befitting the importance of his subject. *The Church of England in the Reign of the Stuarts* is a continuation of 'The Church of England in the Reign of the Tudors.' In the collected edition of the 'Writings of Douglas Jerrold,' the last part is published of *Men of Character*, sketches full of life and expression, some of them over-drawn, but most of them holding a mirror up to nature, in which large classes may see parts of their own personal peculiarities. The same number contains the commencement of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. In a series of cheap railway books, published in Dublin and London, called 'Readings in Popular Literature,' a new edition appears of *Ireland Sixty Years Ago*, and *The Life and Times of George Robert Fitzgerald*,—narratives of stirring periods of Irish history. Also, in the same series, *Ten Years in Australia*, by the Rev. D. Mackenzie, containing much information that may be useful to emigrants. In 'Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare,' (national edition,) Number xxvii. contains Part II. of *Henry VI.* From the same house, fertile in periodical issues, we have Part vii. of *Half Hours of English History*, and Part iv. of *The Curiosities of Industry and the Applied Sciences*, this number relating to gold and to paper. In the series of little books entitled, 'The Country House,' all who are interested in the management of domestic fowls will find a cheap and comprehensive manual, *The Poultry Yard*. In the *Curiosities of Communication*, a curious and instructive collection of facts are recorded, on the road, the railway, the steamer, and the electric telegraph, and other kindred subjects. *The Comic History of Rome* proceeds with unabated cleverness. The mixture of the antique and the modern, both in the story and the illustrations, is in the best style of burlesque. Scipio Æmilianus is seen cramming himself for a speech in the Senate, Hamard being on the back of his book of reference. In the jokes about "the mother of the Gracchi," and the pictures in which she is seen in occupations little heroic, we feel almost sorry that such desecration of history should be attempted for mere amusement. Of theatrical literature, one of the most acceptable contributions is *Tallis's Drawing-room Table-book of Portraits, Memoirs, and Anecdotes*, each number containing four portraits, excellently engraved on steel, from Daguerreotypes. The likenesses are perfect, and executed in the highest style of art. *Davidson's Cheap Edition of Cumberland's Plays* appears in single numbers, and in shilling volumes. By all who may feel interest, either philological or social, in the district, curious information will be found in *Samuel Bradford's Dialect of South Lancashire*. It is written after the plan of Collier's book on the

same subject, but showing such changes as lapse of time and altered circumstances of the county have caused. To our knowledge of the local dialects of the English tongue this is an acceptable contribution. In issuing an eighth edition of *The Sophisms of Free Trade*, by Mr. Sergeant Byles, the author gives various additions and corrections, and a new preface describing the present position and the prospects of the cause of Protection.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

FIRST in seniority, we mention the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the venerable title of which, and the picture of old St. John's Gate, where Cave lived, and the name of the perennial editor, Sylvanus Urban, Gent., always raise in us crowds of historic associations. We take little notice that a new series has but recently been begun, of which this is the sixth number,—a useful fact, however, to state for the sake of those who may wish to commence keeping or binding the magazine, and would know the most recent break in a series reaching back for a hundred and twenty years! The December number is strong, as usually this magazine is, in biographical and antiquarian topics. The obituary notices of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' have always formed a prominent feature. A paper on the late Mr. Wyon gives the fullest account that has yet appeared of the distinguished medallist, and of his works. A portrait, by Leonard Wyon, accompanies the memoir. The 'Notes of the Month,' and the 'Notices of New Works' are short, but suffice for such subjects, which, by weekly periodicals, have already been before the literary world. There are Reviews of *Carlyle's Sterling*, and of *Sir S. Head's Metamorphosis of Apuleius*; papers on *Medieval Art*, as exemplified in the Great Exhibition of 1851; and on *Ulrich Von Hutton*, (fourth of a series.) The *Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban* contains, as usual, much curious miscellaneous matter; not of great value or importance, but interesting to those whom we may consider the otiose readers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' For more stirring topics we turn to *Blackwood*—over whose political part the spirit of unchanged old toryism presides, and issues 'to the Shopkeepers of Great Britain' an urgent harangue on the perils of free-trade. Leaving uncut the political pages, our business is with the literature of the number, which is varied and valuable. *My Novel*, by Bulwer, is carried on in its Italian phase. *Life among the Loggers* gives a lively account of American wood-life. A clever Review of *Mr. Walpole's Anasayrii*, in light narrative style, follows a solid statistical statement of the substance of *Professor Johnston's Notes on America*. In a paper entitled '*the Champions of the Rail*,' the recent railway book of Mr. Francis receives a smart and severe castigation. Altogether, of *Blackwood* it is a good number, although the articles are somewhat formal, and we desiderate the light literature, light for digestion, though not light for nourishment, of the days of the editorship of Christopher North. *Fraser* for December is excellent; the subjects are good, and the treatment of most of them able. *Gastronomy and Civilization* is the first paper, and contains much that will interest others than epicures. In *the Progress of the English Choir*, account is given of the condition of musical taste in England, suggested by the publication of Sebastian Bach's famous six motets. Under the title of *This Year's Song-Crop*, critiques appear of Mrs. Browning's 'Casa Guidi Windows'; 'the Posthumous Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes'; 'Violenzia, a Tragedy'; 'Meredith's Poems,' and those of 'John Wright,' on whom are put the cap and bells. The other papers are *On the Races of Mankind*, in which Dr. Latham's and various works are noticed; *Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand*, the present chapters being laid in wild Canadian scenery; *On the Use and Beauty of Words*, a review of 'Trench on the Study of Language'; the conclusion of the *Life of Edmund Burke*, and the continuation of the *History of the Hungarian War*; these, with one or two minor papers, form the contents of

'Fraser's Magazine.' *Bentley* also comes out in good force in his December's *Miscellany*. The opening paper, on *Recent Travellers in the East*, is fitly preceded by a portrait of Mr. Walpole. The past year has certainly been rich in Oriental travels, when we can show, besides the Ansayrii, Neale's Syria, Spencer's Turkey, and Melley's Egypt and Nubia. *The Cape and the Kaffirs*; or, *Notes of a Five Years' Residence in South Africa*, by Alfred W. Cole, will, at this time, be read with special interest. *Our Indian Empire, under Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough*, is a graphic sketch of that perilous and stirring time of Anglo-Indian history. There are more than a dozen other articles, longer or shorter, the titles of two or three of which will show the variety of the contents of this number of the 'Miscellany.' *Bloomerism; or, the Female Invasion—the Correspondence of Mirabeau and the Count de la Marck—Miseries of a Poetic Genius*—and a very amusing *Visit to the Great Skellig Rock in Ireland*. The disproportion between *Tait* and the other Monthlies is not so much in quantity as in the price. Two or three of the papers this month are good, but others are of inferior cast. *County Courts and Bar Etiquette* is a comment on recent legal improvements, with the truth of which most will sympathize. *The Flaneur Abroad* takes us with fresh interest over the beaten track of continental travel. Sir John Hepburn's *Memoir suggests a good article on the Scottish Cavalier of the Olden Time*. *The Story of the Working-man* is continued. *Homoeopathy* has an article devoted to it; and after two or three light tales, the number closes with the sketch of *the Literature of the Month*, and with a most important feature in all periodicals for December—the *Index*.

The last Number of the 'Grenzboten' contains papers on Henry Heine's romancero, and on Hackländer's new novel, 'Nameless Stories,' with an amusing description of a journey to Copenhagen. The same number contains a report of the association for the publication of S. Bach's musical compositions. A proposal to that effect was last year made by the 'Grenzboten,' and submitted to the public. The plan was to publish these compositions by private subscription, and to circulate them among the subscribers only. An appeal to this effect was readily responded to, and the undertaking is to commence with the issue of the Grand Mass in B flat. Among the subscribers are the King of Prussia, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Twenty-three subscriptions were collected in London, six in Paris, ten in Russia, thirteen in Austria, and seventeen in Bavaria.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Bagge's (Rev. H. T.) *Toleratio Intolerabilis*, 12mo, cl., 3s.
 Baron's Little Daughter, 2nd edition, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Beranger's Lyrical Poems, by W. Young, post 8vo, cl., 8s.
 Bell's (A. M.) *Elocutionary Manual*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Bohn's Standard Library, Neander's Chris. History, 3s. 6d.
 — Classical Library, Cicero's Orations, 5s.
 — Antiquarian Library, Sir T. Brown's Works, 5s.
 — Scientific Library, Comparative Physiology, 5s.
 Bookseller's Almanack, on sheet, 1s.
 Book of Trades, sq. cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Brown's (G.) *Grammar of English Grammars*, roy. 8vo, 21s.
 Buckley's Catechism of Council of Trent, 12mo, 6s.
 Cairn's (Rev. A.) *The Second Woe*, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Cecil's Original Thoughts, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 16s.
 Chambers' Educational Course; Ancient History, cl., 3s.
 — Music, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 — Drawing Books, 1s. 6d.
 Chalmers' (Rev. F.) *Letters to a Bible Class*, 18mo, 1s.
 Chapman's Lib., No. 3, Emerson's Representative Men, 1s. 6d.
 Christ and the Pope, a series of etchings & letter-press, 21s.
 City (The), or Physiology of London Business, 3s. 6d.
 Clara Harrington, a Domestic Tale, 3 vols. 41 11s. 6d.
 Currey's (G.) *Preparation for the Gospel*, 8vo, bds. 8s.
 Davies' History of Inquisition, 2nd edit. 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 De Gasparin's Doctrine of Plenary Inspiration, 1s. 6d.
 Favourite Library, 18mo, cl. 1s. 6d., 2 vols. in 1, 2s. 6d.
 Feiling's Key to Exercises in Prose Composition, 4s.
 Fleming's First Lessons in Plane Trigonometry, cl., 2s.
 Galbraith's School and College Virgil, Æneid, 10s. 6d.
 — Æneid, Books 1 to 6, 6s. 6d.
 Gausson's Plenary Inspiration, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Gutch's Literary and Scientific Register, 3s. 6d.
 Happy Family; or, Selfishness and Self-Denial, 2s. 6d.
 Hunt's Book for a Corner, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Illustrations of Five Senses, oblong, 5s., coloured, 7s. 6d.
 Industrial Arts, part 5, 7s. 6d.

Jessop's (Rev. J.) *Woman*, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d., gilt, 4s. 6d.
 John Drayton, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 2s.
 Keat's Poetical Works, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 — Life and Letters, 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, 10s.
 King of the Golden River, illustrated by Doyle, 2s. 6d.
 Kirke's Handbook of Physiology, 2nd edit. cloth, 12s. 6d.
 Lansdowne's Shakspeare, 1 vol. post 8vo, 16s.
 Latham's (R. G.) *Germania of Tacitus*, 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
 Lyra Christiana, 32mo, cloth, 4s., morocco, 6s. 6d.
 Macgillivray's Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, 36s.
 Mackintosh's Juvenile Tales, 2s.
 Martin's (S.) *Useful Arts*, 2nd edit. 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Mark Wilton, by C. B. Taylor, new edit., post 8vo, cl., 6s.
 Manual of Hebrew Verbs, 8vo, cloth, 3s.
 McCulloch's (J. R.) *Treatise on Wages*, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
 Merlet's Dictionary of Difficulties, new edit., roan, 6s. 6d.
 — French Synonyms, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Merivale's History of Romans under the Empire, 14s.
 Morell's Papa and Mamma's Lessons in Arithmetic, 1s. 6d.
 Oates' (G.) 5 per cent. Tables, 4to, half morocco, 21s.
 Parnell's (E. A.) Elements of Chemical Analysis, cl., 9s.
 Phillips' (Rev. R.) *Lady's Closet Library*, 4 vols. 2s. 6d. each
 Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, new edit., 10s. 6d.
 Reade's (J. E.) Poems, 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, 16s.
 Reynold's Arithmetic, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Sangster's (J.) Rights and Duties of Property, cloth, 4s.
 Selby's (C.) Events to be Remembered, 12mo, bds. 2s. 6d.
 Sherwood's (Mrs.) *The Nun*, 6th edition, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Simpson's (Rev. R.) Gleanings among Mountains, 2s. 6d.
 Smyth's (Dr. S.) Unity of Human Races, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Subordinate Standards of the Free Church of Scotland, 2s. 6d.
 Theological Critic, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 16s. 6d.
 Traveller's Library, Laing's Norway, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 — Lady's Voyage round the World, 2s. 6d.
 — Eothen, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Uncle Tom's Pictorial Magazine, vol. 1, 2s. 6d.
 Vlieland's Theory and Practice of German Language, 5s.
 Villiers's (W.) Two Paths, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Walsh's Regimental Standing Orders, 8vo, cloth, 10s.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THROUGH nearly the whole of the last century "collecting" was a fashionable mania—the fashion varied according as individual tastes gave it a direction, but amongst those who were gifted with superabundant means, there were at all times many who were anxious for the reputation of "having a taste" of some sort. In country houses we constantly meet with choice old cabinets of coins or minerals, the evidences of the tastes of some former owner—perchance a distinguished member of the select dilettanteism of his day. We much doubt whether, in spite of greater facilities, and more knowledge of the nature and use of the things themselves, there is an equal amount of private collecting going on at present. Books and coins, stuffed beasts and birds, plants, minerals, and extraneous fossils, delf or china, all in turn, and in somewhat of the chronological order in which we have enumerated them, have united men into brotherhoods.

About the middle of the said last century there was one who was an universalist in his tastes—an omnium gatherer at home and abroad, and who at the close of his life had his treasures doubled by the bequest of another like himself—this was Sir Hans Sloane. To those who accumulate property of any kind, no thought is so unwelcome as that of its dispersion. The aristocratic sons-in-law of the fashionable physician had no tastes for "curiosities," and it was accordingly determined that what had been got together at much cost, should be again changed back to gold. The enormous sum at which this collection was valued may well astonish such as may be acquainted with what remains of it. It may have been fairly valued; if so, we must assume that the wealthy collectors of those days paid extravagantly; at any rate, a House of Commons, of the days of George the Second, was persuaded that the Sloane collection was a bargain at 20,000*l*. Taking the value of money, we cannot but think that the purchase was a dear one. Montagu-house was devoted to its reception, and with this the jobbery and mismanagement of the British Museum fairly commences.

The original promoters of a National Museum had probably no higher objects in view than that of gratifying the common curiosity as to things strange and foreign; and it seems to have been so far successful down to the dingy, dusty days when we were first taken to see its mangy wonders.

The estimate of the value of the whole collection naturally determined the constitution of the body

of Trustees, who were selected from the state officials as in such-like cases, whilst all the patronage was vested in three—namely, the Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker. This was a great evil in the days when any appointment might pass unnoticed; and the Archbishops are accused, above all others, of having made the Museum the quiet resting-place of their worn-out waiting men. Even in the higher offices, strange stories have been told of keepers of coins who had to learn the difference betwixt an Otho and a half-penny.

At the close of the war, and when we had looked the continent well over, we became aware that science had not slumbered the while as it had with us, and the systematic collection of Natural History at Paris was painfully contrasted with the condition of the British Museum. The state of our scientific knowledge improved rapidly, but that of our national institution by no means corresponded. New sciences had sprung up, but they were slow of finding any illustration then. Costly purchases were forced on the Government, but these were forthwith consigned to cellars, for which the mineralogist who lately presided over the fossil collection that was added to his department has been excused, by the supposition that he understood its significance as little as Sidrophel did the natural history of the alligators and bats which adorned his den. The management of this department has constantly given rise to much just complaint. It was a common saying that no improvement could take place so long as that superintendence lasted; but that time has now come, and the hope for better things just now depends on the appointment of the three Museum patrons.

To the great majority of those thousands who at holiday times crowd the rooms of the British Museum, we have no doubt but that its contents are as much "curiosities" as ever they were; perchance some of the body of trustees may view them in the same light, so alien are many of its departments from the special studies and pursuits of their lives. It is quite right that it should subserve mere curiosity; but from the moment that any portion of a collection acquires a higher and scientific value, the great object of the managing body should be to advance, not its humblest, but its highest objects. For this reason we think that the Museum now requires a very different body of trustees than those first selected. There are two obvious objections to its present composition of clerical, legal, and official members. There is the chance of that imperfect appreciation of the objects which a profound knowledge can alone give, and which would tend to beget indifference, and there might be prejudices which would suggest opposition. There is still something akin to suspicion in the recognition which orthodoxy vouchsafes to the natural sciences; and if some few have rid themselves of such trammels, they confess the fears of their brotherhood, when they employ their eloquence to persuade them that its cultivators are a well-disposed and harmless race. We would remove all risk of the effects of such influences.

The British Museum has outgrown its original objects; it requires to be re-modelled and its appointments to be re-cast, and no better opportunity than the present one for effecting all this may occur for some time. We are fully aware of our characteristic dread of disturbing existing arrangements, however bad such may be, and that it would be much easier to get sanction for something altogether new, than for the subdivision or consolidation of what already exists; but we do not require additional scientific institutions, our danger seems to be that we may be overdone. There is the botanical collection in the British Museum, and another botanical museum has been formed at Kew. In Jermyn-street another building has risen like an exhalation, so rapidly and noiselessly, that no sounds seem to have reached the ears of those watchful guardians who expose the dark deeds done in Woods and Forests. Again, interested men have been whispering to influential ones, that an Industrial Museum would be the legitimate application of the Exhibition surplus. All these

are movements in a wrong direction. They must be expensive, and the institutions must be ineffective, because they will severally be at cross-purposes. A botanical collection requires constant attention. Why, then, double your cares by two collections within a few miles of one another? Geology has become a very favourite study, and it may be necessary to form a west-end establishment; but it seems unmeaning to have an extensive fossil department at the British Museum, and another rivalling it only a few streets off. But such a science can hardly have sufficient national importance to warrant two series of its illustrations—rather let them fraternise.

As the Museum and the Jermyn-street Institution clash in one branch of illustration of science, so again will the latter with an Industrial Museum; and as we wish it well, we would recommend that it should return and limit itself to its original objects. These, if properly carried out, will be quite sufficient to occupy all the ability that is at present engaged there. Instead of any scientific connexion, we can see nothing but vagueness of purpose in a collocation of clays and ores, with costly earthenwares, and metallic castings of Venus surrounded by fauns and satyrs. There is not a coal-whipper but knows that his pipe was once clay, and that copper and coal are dug out of the earth. Costly establishments cannot be brought down to illustrate such elementary knowledge as this; and to the manufacturer, little cubic blocks under glass-cases are of no practical value whatever. A *statuette* or a vase does not belong to the mineral kingdom, because it may be composed of clay or metal. As well might the National Gallery be transferred to Jermyn-street, because the pictures are painted with mineral colours and have gilded frames. If this is practical geology, the art of cookery may become practical zoology or botany. In such matters it is as well to point out mistakes at once.

We have never been able to arrive at any better reason why the British Museum is made to embrace such multifarious objects, than that the original collection of Sloane curiosities contained some books, and that the same parliamentary grant included the Cottonian collection. Accumulation has proceeded rapidly of late years, subdivision has become necessary, and the objects themselves present so obvious and natural a classification, that we can anticipate no objections but such as the interested feelings or fears of officials may suggest.

In one series we would place antiquities illustrative of man's early history and progress, coins, manuscripts, and printed books: this would also include the fine arts. Another and distinct establishment should be devoted to natural history—not the popular knowledge which is satisfied with the distorted skins of birds and beasts, but natural science illustrated so as to meet the requirements of advanced physiological students. The collection of the College of Surgeons is a type of what such a museum might become under the organization of the profound naturalist, whose labours there have now been brought to so successful a termination.

Lastly, we would have the country offering more liberal acknowledgment for scientific service. We by no means wish to see all science dependent on the State, as is too much the case upon the Continent; but when a reputation has been fairly earned, we have no objection to see such ability enlisted on behalf of the public institutions of the country, and on such terms as to ensure perfect independence—such positions for scientific eminence confer national honour. And it is only just that such positions should exist—there is a brotherhood in science which renders high position onerous. How many of its foreign votaries have been attracted here during the past summer, bringing with them no better introductions than their reputations and pursuits; the only reception and hospitality they experienced was from their fellow-labourers here. We pride ourselves on our intellectual and scientific position amongst nations, but at the same time ignore the condition of the men who enable us to make the boast. It was the boast of Napoleon that Cuvier could extend, on behalf of the science of

France, a liberal hospitality to all whom the pursuit of science might bring there.

With us the salaries of the British Museum are still those of the Archbishops' retired waiting-men—the keepers of our national "curiosities." We should be proud of seeing men in its service who have achieved European celebrity, and not have occasion to blush to hear of smaller incomes than in many establishments are offered to stewards and stall-grooms; and this when we pay so liberally for the meanest abilities, employed for a few years at efficient duties of the most mechanical order.

A new old curiosity-shop has risen into an overgrown museum, which is still insufficient for the present requirements of either literature or science. There is a general disposition to ask for new institutions—Practical, Industrial, and for the Fine Arts. Of some of these the objects as yet are but ill-defined; and in addition, no appointment has been made to the important situation lately filled by Mr. Koenig. Under these circumstances the Government will do well to consider whether a more favourable opportunity will ever again present itself for rendering our national collections more effective in their relations to science and the community at large.

F.R.S.

We have pleasure in giving insertion to the above communication, because the time is now ripe for making some important changes in the conduct of our national institutions. We do not, however, agree in all the writer's suggestions. It is quite true that the British Museum is too much regarded as a curiosity shop, that the voice of learning is not sufficiently heard within its walls, and that the Museum of Practical Geology is ambitious in its aims—in giving courses of lectures on natural history. But this hitherto has been a matter of necessity. It is forced to do for itself, in the collateral branches of scientific education, what ought to be done for it at the British Museum, (as at the Jardin des Plantes); and we would remove thither the natural history professorships, and the learning which gives so high a character to them. The Government School of Mines is an institution of eminent usefulness, and should be maintained for its legitimate purpose of teaching the elements and practical bearings of mining and metallurgy. The College of Surgeons is another instance in which we have the profoundest natural history acquirements in the wrong place. Fossil remains, that would be of the greatest value in our national osteological collection at the British Museum, are sent, for Professor Owen's sake, to the Hunterian Museum, which should be reserved alone for special anatomy and pathology. What would have been the fame of Cuvier and the osteological collections of Paris, had he been closeted all his life amid the pathological specimens of the Ecole de Médecine!

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The council of this Society, finding that the four 'special evening meetings,' which were held in July and August last, for the purpose of receiving the distinguished foreigners and savans who might arrive in the metropolis for the Great Exhibition, proved to be of interest, determined to continue the evening meetings for the reading and discussing of papers, for the exhibition of works of the ancient fine arts, classical antiquities, inscriptions, &c., and for *conversations*. As the ordinary meetings of the Society are held at four o'clock in the afternoon, those members who are engaged in the courts of law and equity, and other professional gentlemen, can very rarely attend them; so to them, and indeed to literature in general, the evening meetings will prove most acceptable. At the last meeting of the Society (Nov. 27th), the Earl of Carlisle, President, in the chair, Sir John Lubbock, M.D. (long the Foreign Secretary and Librarian), was elected by the council a Vice-President, in the place of the late lamented Earl of Clare; Mr. John Hogg, M.A., F.R.S., was elected Foreign Secretary; and Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D., was chosen Librarian until the next anniversary. Since the objects of this Institution—better known and more highly esteemed for its literary labours

on the Continent, especially in Germany, than in our own country—are not sufficiently made public, the following extract from its Charter of Incorporation will present them in detail:—The Society was formed "for the advancement of literature by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by the promotion of discoveries in literature; by endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language; by the critical improvement of English lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts, and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of; by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information."

How far the Society has carried out these original views of its princely founder, will be seen by a perusal of the volumes of its 'Transactions;' but "the assigning of honorary rewards" to distinguished literary authors has been unfortunately suspended by a withdrawal of the royal funds. His late Majesty George IV. munificently assigned to ten associates the annual sum of one hundred guineas each, and also two gold medals annually, each being fifty guineas in value. Her Majesty's Government has granted the annual sum of one thousand pounds to the Royal Society for the promotion of science; and it is to be earnestly desired that it will lend a helping hand to the Society under consideration, for the promotion of literature, so that it may become in this country as much known and appreciated in the world of letters, as that branch of L'Institut is in France, entitled "L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," and as that section of the justly celebrated "Königlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin."

The Royal Society of Literature print every year a part of their 'Transactions,' which the members receive gratuitously, although the public has hitherto not been able to purchase it, until the entire volume—consisting of three or four parts—is completed. The Council has now properly resolved that each part be sold to the public as soon as it is ready. And thus it is hoped that the alterations recently agreed upon by the Council will materially advance the objects of the Society, and by promoting the improvement of the higher branches of literature, may extend its importance and usefulness to the nation.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE has distinguished himself by his investigations connected with the phenomena of Light and Vision. He published some years since, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' a paper on the phenomena of single vision by a pair of eyes; and devised an instrument called the stereoscope, from *stereos*, solid, and *scopeo*, I see, by which was imitated what appears to be the conditions observed in the arrangement of the eyes. He showed, that if two drawings of the same object were so placed that their reflected images fell at the same time upon either eye, a single image was produced in its three dimensions—of length, breadth, and thickness. The drawings of any object intended for stereoscope experiment are taken at a small angular difference, corresponding as nearly as possible with the difference between the angles of vision of the right and left eye. These are placed so that the image of each picture is received upon mirrors, fixed to each other, inclined upon themselves at an angle of 45 degrees. By this disposition, the reflected coincident images are seen in the mirrors by the two eyes placed before them at the angle of reflection. By this means a solid image is produced, realising in a very remarkable manner the conditions of any solid in very high or entire relief.

Sir David Brewster has modified this instrument, and very much simplified its construction. In his *Lenticular Stereoscope* the mirrors are replaced by the two halves of a lens placed at the distance of two inches and a half apart, which is, as nearly as possible, the mean average distance of the pupils of the eyes. The two images are placed at the bottom of a box, and viewed through the lenses, the right eye sees the image on the left hand, the left eye the image on the right. The coincidence of the images of the figures looked at produces the impression of single vision. It will be readily seen, that by a modified form of this arrangement we may produce a camera in which we can at once obtain the two pictures as required for the stereoscope. Such an instrument is called the *Binocular Camera*.

To Mr. Claudet is due the practical introduction of this very ingenious arrangement. By means of the binocular camera, he has obtained Daguerreotype pictures of the Great Exhibition, which, when viewed in the lenticular stereoscope, reproduce the scene which all remember with so many feelings of delight. In the revival of the beautiful scene, we have every minute detail reproduced. The Swedish granite vase, the rampant horses, the Bavarian lion, the Amazon, the Austrian window, Keith's silk trophy, and the numberless contributions which decorated the central avenues, with the great organ dimly seen in the airy distance, and every object is viewed as we saw it, in three dimensions. The wonders of the Daguerreotype were never before so completely developed as they are in these most magical productions introduced by Mr. Claudet.

By the same instruments groups of living objects or statues can be obtained. We have seen some beautiful family groups, which, when surveyed in the stereoscope, appear reproduced in the mimicry of life. Motion alone is wanting to complete the wonderful picture upon which we gaze.

Photography has certainly achieved many marvels. The sunbeam paints the image it illuminates, and it reproduces it to our vision in length, breadth, and thickness, every line most truthfully preserved, every shadow painted with that strict fidelity which gives so exquisite a charm to reproductive art.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

So Soult is gone! The last of the great Marshals of the Empire! Soult was a soldier in the ranks of the royal regiment of infantry sixty-seven years ago, in the days of the old French monarchy, before the breaking out of the first revolution. In the days of the Republic his services were great and his rise rapid. The first year of this century saw him one of the four Colonels of the guard of the Consul. Three years after, on the proclamation of the Emperor, he was made Marshal of France; and in the campaign of Austerlitz he commanded the fourth corps of the grand army. To him chiefly was owing the brilliant success of that day. Long afterwards when Soult had done something doubtful, "I have forgotten everything but Austerlitz," was Napoleon's magnanimous reply to his detractors. After the Prussian campaign and the battle of Eylau, Spain was the field of Soult's generalship; and how ably he conducted the war there English military historians have fully testified. In 1813 he was appointed in Saxony to the command of the Imperial Guard, and when Wellington's career in Spain had reached its triumphant height at Vittoria, Soult was the man whom the Emperor sent, for a last effort to retrieve his desperate fortunes in the Peninsula. His retreat was masterly, and the last engagement at Toulouse ended the war with honour to the vanquished. His subsequent history is within the reach of the living memory and observation of most men. Seldom has one so great in the field been equally great in council. From the time of the second revolution in 1830 down to his resignation in 1847, Soult was the chief supporter of the constitutional monarchy. On retiring from the presidency of the council into private life in 1847, Louis Philippe showed his respect and gratitude by re-establishing for him the ancient dignity of Marshal-General of France. In

the revolution of February, or subsequent events, Soult took no active interest, and refused to re-appear in public life. The dark side of the Marshal's public character was displayed most in his severities in Spain, and in his ingratitude to the Emperor. But for the one of these faults the provoking harassment of guerilla warfare gave some excuse, and his love of liberty accounts for the other. Soult's visit to England, his appearance along with Wellington at the peaceful coronation of Queen Victoria, and his enthusiastic reception by the English people, suggested at once a grand memorial of past times, and happy auguries for future good feeling between the two countries. The death of a man so conspicuous through a long period of European history is worthy of note by literary as well as military and political annalists.

An important judgment was delivered, on Monday, December 1st, in the Court of Exchequer, in a case which has excited much interest both in literary and political circles, *The Attorney-General v. Bradbury and Evans*, printers of Dickens' 'Household Narrative.' The question which had been raised was, whether this publication, and consequently any monthly paper containing news, was liable to the duty imposed by the statute 6th and 7th William IV. chap. 76. The question having been formerly ably argued, the Chief Baron and three puisne Barons now gave judgment, and as they did not agree in their construction of the Stamp Act, their opinions were given *seriatim*, commencing as is usual with the junior Baron. Mr. Baron Martin gave a historical summary of the Newspaper Stamp Acts, since the first, 10th Anne, chap. 19, sec. 101, showing the definitions, in the several acts, of 'a newspaper.' The ordinary understanding of the word is, a publication containing a narrative of recent events and occurrences, published at short intervals from time to time; and that this element of frequent publication was essential to the definition of a newspaper, was proved by the fact of the 'Annual Register' of each year, although it might publish news up to the 31st of December, not coming under the Stamp Act. Any uncertainty as to the length of interval was removed by 60th George III. and 1st George IV. chap. 9, where twenty-six days are specified as the time within which unstamped newspapers were illegal. His judgment was for the defendants. Mr. Baron Platt concurred, and said that with equal right might such publications as the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and 'The Quarterly Review' be charged, as they professed to give public intelligence to the most recent date. Mr. Baron Park thought the Crown entitled to judgment; arguing that the clauses in the acts which specified the interval of twenty-six days referred to a particular class of publications therein described, the clauses beginning 'and also'—words cumulative, not restrictive, leaving untouched the general body of 'publications containing news,' which still remained subject to the duty. The clauses which speak of twenty-six days, he argued, referred to papers or publications of any kind, which, though not in common language newspapers, might give news as part of their contents. Sir F. Pollock was not shaken in his opinion by the arguments of Mr. Baron Parke, and concurred with the judgment for the defendants. He thought that the interval of twenty-six days was one purposely descriptive of what is a newspaper in reference to the Stamp Act, and any periodical appearing at longer intervals, even though entirely devoted to public events, is not liable to duty. He did not see sufficient distinction in certain phrases pointed out by Baron Park, such as 'containing news,' and 'containing any news,' to make him doubt that the interval applied to all kinds of periodicals. "The whole question turns on the distinction between news and history, which has been settled by the Legislature. If the interval be twenty-six days, it is a newspaper; if not, it is a chronicle or history." The majority of judges being in favour of the exemption from duty, judgment was given accordingly—a result with which we are highly gratified.

Another case of some importance was before one of the Vice-Chancellor's Courts on the same day,

affecting the question of copyright. Mr. Buxton applied for an injunction against the sale of a number of the 'Pianista, or Italian Opera and Promenade Concert Magazine,' containing three pianoforte solos from Mendelssohn's original music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, called the 'Scherzo,' the 'Notturmo,' and the 'Wedding March.' In 1844, the plaintiff purchased from Mendelssohn the copyright of these pieces, and published them. In 1849, the defendant, Mr. James, published and sold these on his own account, together with the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was not Mr. Buxton's property. In the defence, the plaintiff's copyright was not denied, but it was argued, first, that he should have sought relief earlier than he did; and, second, that his proper remedy was an action-at-law. By the state of the law in 1849, (previous to the well-known decisions since, *Boosey v. Jeffries* and others,) the defendant was justifiable in publishing, and moreover, the case of *Boosey v. Jeffries* is under appeal now to the House of Lords. Sir J. Parke, in granting the injunction, met the various pleas of the defence. Referring to the delay in application, the court, he said, had not to consider whether the plaintiff knew of his rights being infringed, but whether the defendant knew he was infringing them. Besides, until the decision referred to, the plaintiff might have thought it vain to apply for an injunction, but his delay did not invalidate his rights. Further, his Honour did not share in the doubts which had led to the appeal to the House of Lords. He thought the law clear. He meanwhile granted the injunction, and if the defendant demanded an action, he would put the plaintiff under terms of bringing one, next seal, when the case would be mentioned.

The postal steam communication with India and Australia is at length about to assume greater and more definite importance. An advertisement for tenders to contract with the Government appeared last week. To Calcutta and Hong-Kong two mails are to start for some English port each month, and one every alternate month from Singapore to Sidney. Between Aden and Bombay, the East India Company will still retain exclusive right of postal traffic. From Bombay two lines of steamers will twice each month forward the mail by Madras to Calcutta, and by Penang to Singapore and Hong-Kong. That six Government post deliveries to Australia in the year will soon be found inadequate, few will question. This part of the proposed arrangement is complained of; and just censure, also, some pass on certain conditions required by the Admiralty, as to the build and fittings of the ships, through which interference the best service for the public will not be secured, while the official sanction and subsidy will prevent successful competition by private enterprise.

The Oxford "Maiden Class List" has caused much comment in University circles. It has three times happened since 1807, when the present system of examination and classification was adopted, that only one name has been counted worthy of being in the First Class; but this is the only time that no scholar has come up to the mark required by the Statute and the Examiners. The failure of a first classman for a single year is no proof, however, of the decay of classical learning; nor is it fair to make this, as some are doing, an occasion for arguing against the proposed innovations in University studies. There is no reason why science and learning should not flourish together at Oxford. Even if a little less proficiency in the mechanical study of the classics were the result of a little better knowledge of the spirit of ancient literature, and some acquaintance with modern languages, history, and philosophy, the cause of education would not suffer in England, nor the usefulness of the University be diminished.

The railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow is now in regular use. The first train, on the 13th of last month, took from Moscow to the capital 792 passengers. The line was eight years in constructing. The line from St. Petersburg to Warsaw has been commenced, under the direction of General Gersfeldt, who assisted General Klen-

ichel in the former line. The Russo-Polish line will take ten years for its completion.

Through the representations of Lord Palmerston to the Turkish Government, all difficulties have been removed with regard to the Egyptian railway, the works of which are to proceed without delay.

Two antiquarian works have been announced for publication by subscription, which we believe will be found well deserving of encouragement; the first, a series of engravings of the interesting antiquities discovered during recent excavations on the site of the rich and important Roman city of Isurium, at Aldborough, in Yorkshire, with illustrative letter-press, by Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith, whose beautiful plates of tessellated pavements found there have already attracted considerable attention; the other, a quarterly publication of engravings of relics of an early period, found in different parts of Yorkshire, under the title of 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ Eboracensis,' by Mr. William Bowman, of Leeds.

Since our last, we have received further information on the excavations at Leicester, which have brought to light several other pavements and pieces of walls, belonging, no doubt, to an extensive suburban villa. The tessellated pavements of a considerable number of rooms have now been uncovered, and steps taken to remove some of the more interesting to the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society; but their proceedings are now at a stand for want of funds, and an appeal has just been made to the members of the Society and to the public, for subscriptions to enable them to continue the excavations. It is to be hoped that before any of the rooms have been covered up, a careful plan will be made of the whole.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY. — Dec. 1st. — The anniversary meeting was held this day, the Earl of Rosse, President, in the chair. His Lordship delivered his annual address, after which the Copley Medal was presented to Professor Owen, for his important discoveries in Comparative Anatomy and Palæontology, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions;' one of the Royal Medals to the Earl of Rosse, for his observations on the Nebulæ; and the second Royal Medal to Mr. G. Newport, for his paper on the Impregnation of the Ovum, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' The Society then proceeded to the election of council and officers for the ensuing year, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected:—*President*—The Earl of Rosse, K.P., M.A. *Treasurer*—Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R.A. *Secretaries*—Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., M.A.; Thomas Bell, Esq. *Foreign Secretary*—Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N. *Other Members of the Council*—William Bowman, Esq.; Benjamin Collins Brodie, Esq.; Charles Brooke, Esq.; The Rev. Professor Challis, M.A.; William Clark, M.D.; Charles Giles Bridle Daubeny, M.D.; Sir P. de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart.; The Very Rev. the Dean of Ely; J. P. Gassiot, Esq.; Marshall Hall, M.D.; Sir John Frederick W. Herschel, Bart.; Professor W. Hallows Miller, M.A.; Lieut.-Colonel Portlock, R.E.; Edward Solly, Esq.; William Spence, Esq.; Nathaniel Wallich, M.D.

ANTIQUARIES. — Nov. 20th. — Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair. A report from Captain Smyth, V.P., was read, giving an account of the Kerrich collection of coins, presented recently to the Society, and proposing that a catalogue of the same should be printed for the use of the Society. Mr. E. B. Price, in a letter to the secretary, communicated an account of the discovery of a fragment of Roman tessellated pavement, a few days since, during the excavations for a sewer in Huggin-lane, Wood-street, City. The pavement was of the ordinary character, and Mr. Price observed, that in the year 1843 he had remarked large quantities of it in Lad-lane and Cateaton-street. His principal object, however, was to show that the pavement discovered in Huggin-lane evidently extends under the church, on the other side of which a portion of it has been

discovered. A large fragment of it was found in Wood-street in 1848, and it appears to have constituted the pavement of a temple or of some large building in the days of Roman London. Mr. Gooding, of Southwold, exhibited a drawing of an architectural fragment of some elegance of design, brought up in ten fathoms water by the fishermen's nets off the coast of Southwold, and supposed to be a fragment of some building of the ancient submerged city of Dunwich. Mr. Gooding exhibited also a brass coin of Constantius Chlorus, with the reverse of an altar, and the legend MEMORIA FELIX, a scarce type. It was found by a labourer at Southwold. Dr. Roots exhibited a curious perforated brick, dug up on the site of 'Caesar's Camp,' on Wimbledon Common.

Mr. Pettigrew contributed a notice 'On the Deities of the Amenti.' In the twenty-seventh vol. of the 'Archæologia,' the writer published an account of a mummy examined by him, at Jersey, in 1837. In this specimen the particular portions of the human body supposed by the Egyptians to be under the influence or protection of the Amunti, or Amenti, are distinctly indicated. On the 23rd May last, another mummy was unrolled by Mr. Pettigrew, at the United Service Museum, when some objects were discovered confirmatory of the opinions he had previously entertained. The Egyptians, it is said, assigned the different portions of the body, of which there were no less than thirty-six divisions, to the government of demons, presiding over the triple division of the twelve signs; and Origen informs us that these demons were invoked when the cure of particular diseases was desired. Upon this Champollion constructed a scheme of theological anatomy, derived from the great funeral ritual. The divinities of the Amenti found in the mummy opened at Jersey were assigned to the contents of the human body, one was bound up with the small intestines, another with the liver and gall bladder, and a third with the heart and lungs. These deities are often seen on papyri and on vases, carrying bandages in their hands, typical of the office assigned to them in the process of embalming. Among the figures discovered in the mummy unrolled at the United Service Museum was that of the bird *benno*, which is supposed to have been ranked next to the ibis, and is considered by Egyptian scholars symbolical of Osiris, the judge of the Amenti. In the Jersey mummy the wax representations of the deities of the Amenti were folded up with different parts of the body; but in the United Service mummy they were found lying loose on the bandages containing the viscera.

Nor. 27th.—Captain W. H. Smyth, V.P., in the chair. A further list of presents being read, the chairman communicated the substance of an invitation which had been received from the Congress of Delegates of the learned societies of the departments of France, who meet annually in the hall of the Luxembourg, at Paris, suggesting that the Society of Antiquaries should be represented by some of its members at the session which opens in February next year. The answer of the council of the Society was also read, stating that the invitation should be made known at the ordinary evening meeting, but regretting that the proposed time of assembly should be during the busiest period of their session. Mr. Botfield exhibited some remarkably large and fine amber beads, which had been recently discovered under a rock, near Doddington, Salop. A note was read from the resident secretary, expressing his belief that these beads were of the Celtic period, hidden perhaps in flight by some Cambrian chieftain, whose insignia of rank they might probably have been, since a passage in the 'Gododin' of Aneurin speaks of chaplets of amber beads worn by the leaders of the Celtic tribes. Mr. Wylie, of Fairford, exhibited a bronze circular dish-shaped fibula, a ring, and another fibula of ordinary form, obtained by him of a labourer, who found them on the site of the ancient cemetery near that town a few years ago.

Mr. Johns, of Evesham, exhibited by the hands of the Resident Secretary, Mr. Akerman, a bronze fibula of the Roman period, with an ornamental groove or a cavity which had once been filled with

coloured vitreous pastes. Also a fragment of an *ampulla*, found at Evesham, on which were represented several subjects rudely delineated but not without spirit. In one compartment were the figures of an archbishop, a bishop, and a king; in another, an abbot seated in his chair; in a third, the murder of Thomas à Becket by the four knights, two of whom are striking the prelate and his attendant with their weapons, while the other two are unsheathing their swords and about to fall on their victim. The military costume of the figures favours the belief that the vessel was fabricated shortly after the murder of Becket, and during the height of the popular sympathy and commotion consequent upon his destruction. Sir George Musgrave exhibited, by the hands of the Director, two small slabs of hone-stone, which had been found in the ruins of Hartley Castle, an old seat of the Musgrave family down to the year 1700. They were engraved with the characters of the alphabet, and appear to have been moulds contrived for casting the letters of a horn-book.

Lord Londesborough communicated a drawing and description, by Mr. Roach Smith, of a Roman bridge, at the confluence of the small stream of the Cock and the River Wharfe, which bounds his lordship's property at Grimeston, near Tadcaster, the Calcaria of the Romans. This bridge, which is in a very perfect condition, was always considered Roman by Lord Howden, but has hitherto been unnoticed by antiquaries and topographers, although the antiquities of the immediate neighbourhood have been often explored. It is a single arch, of a 12-foot span, of very solid masonry, the stones of the foundation being particularly large, and on one side extending along the margin of the river several yards. On some of these stones masons' marks occur. A Roman road can still be traced from this bridge running through the park at Grimeston towards Ferry Bridge. Up to the beginning of the last century this road appears to have been used as a highway, and an old milestone which stood upon it is still preserved. It is curious in showing that when the old road was closed, the distances to several places to which the milestone directed are much increased. By the old route Sherborn was three miles, it is now six; Selby was only eight miles, it is now ten. Mr. Smith's notice also included an account of Roman antiquities at Malton and at Godmundham, in Yorkshire. A note was read from Mr. John Williams, substituting another reading for the legend of the coin of Bona of Savoy, cited by the Director in his account of the Society's curious astrological clock. A note from Mr. Richard Simms to the Resident Secretary was then read, on a seal of the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, presented to the Society by Mr. Ouvry, which rectifies an error of Dugdale in his description of a seal of that abbey.

NUMISMATIC.—**Nor. 27th.**—Lord Londesborough, President, in the chair.—Mr. Roach Smith exhibited a remarkable British brass coin, said to have been found in Suffolk. Obverse, two crescents, back to back, enclosed in parallelogram above VRE retrograde, below it RCI; obverse, a horse, of unusual work, and above TASC. Some doubt was entertained by the meeting as to the authenticity of this coin. Mr. Bergne communicated some additional observations on the very remarkable full-faced, small brass coin of Carausius, in the possession of Mr. C. Roach Smith. Among the coins of Maxentius, struck from fifteen to twenty years after the death of Carausius, an instance occurs of a full-faced type in silver (No. 16 in Akerman's Catalogue), and there are also a few rare instances of the same type among the gold coins of Licinius, of the same type among the gold coins of this jun., and Constantine the Great, on brass of this period; however, the type is exceedingly rare, if not altogether unique. Where the bare head does not altogether appear, it denotes that the prince was only Caesar, and not Augustus; but in this remarkable coin the motive for adopting so novel a style of portrait. Mr. Bergne also communicated a paper on three unpublished coins of Cuthred, Baldred, and William

the Conqueror. The coin of Cuthred, King of Kent, resembled that engraved in Ruding, pl. 3, No. 3, and Hawkins, No. 54. It differed from these coins in the details of the tribrach, and by having in the centre a circle in which the arms of the tribrach meet. This coin was obtained in Bedfordshire, and possibly found within the county. The coins of Baldred, the successor of Cuthred, are of great rarity, about ten only being known. The peculiarity of this specimen consisted in the R being rather like an F, and also in the mode of indicating the ear or back part of the hair by a Mercian M, as in the Museum specimen of that type; the A in the king's name is inverted, and the mode of contracting the word CANT different from that on any other specimens. This coin was found in the vicinity of Guildford. The remaining coin of William the Conqueror, of the London mint, similar to Hawkins 233, differed in having the head turned in a contrary direction, its being larger and filling more completely the field of the coin. Mr. Evans communicated his discovery of another coin reading PERERIC, which has been for many years in the British Museum, and was incorrectly catalogued by Taylor Combe as reading STIEFNE; it, however, reads distinctly PERERIC on the obverse, with the same type as the other varieties, and +PILLEM P. on the reverse, and was struck probably either at Warwick or Norwich. Coins of this character are also known of the London and Lincoln mints; it therefore becomes a matter of great interest to decide by which of the Earls of Warwick they were struck, and from what cause the Earl was possessed of such power in the various towns whose names appear on his coins. Mr. Akerman, in a letter to the President, made some remarks on a gold coin of Pescennius Niger. Reverse, CONCORDIA.P.P., Concord standing. It was obtained by a missionary at Antioch, and shortly afterwards passed into the hands of the present possessor, a gentleman residing at Cologne. Mr. Akerman had carefully examined this coin, and had no doubt of its authenticity. The fabric was rude, and differed from that of the Roman mintage of this period, nor did it resemble that of the rude coins of the other candidate for the empire, Clodius Albinus, with the title of Augustus. Also on eight sceattas, belonging to the same gentleman, of the types of Ruding, Nos. 4 to 14 inclusive. They were a portion of a find of about 150 specimens, consisting, it is said, of more than forty varieties, dug up in East Friesland. Lord Londesborough exhibited four sceattas, of the Kentish type, but said to have been recently discovered at Newcastle. Mr. J. Williams then read his account of 'Kin Ting Tsen Luh,' a Chinese work on coins, in the library of the Numismatic Society, to which it was kindly presented by E. A. Bowring, Esq. This curious work professes to give an account of the coins of China from B.C. 3289 down to the present time, thus assigning to their earliest coins an antiquity extending far beyond the period given as that of the Deluge, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, and even by the writings of the Chinese themselves. Mr. Pfister exhibited a fine and rare lira of Cosmo I. de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1537-1574, executed by Benvenuto Cellini.

ROYAL PHYSICAL OF EDINBURGH.—**Nor. 5th.**—Dr. Greville, in the chair. Mr. R. Chambers exhibited specimens of the blind animals of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, recently brought to this country by Mr. Purves, of Kirkaldy. Mr. Chambers read a few notes illustrative of the subject, from which it appeared that the crustacean (*Astacus pellucidus*), of which there were two specimens, exhibits only the peduncle of the eye, while, in the fish (*Amblyopsis spelæus*), there is no trace of a visual organ, not even the orbital cavity. Mr. Alex. Bryson exhibited some fine specimens of fossil coniferous wood from Van Diemen's Land. The interest attached to these woods arises from the distinction existing between the fossil and recent flora of Tasmania, the fossil species being in all cases true pines, while the recent are generally Araucarians. In the finest of Mr. Bryson's specimens, the progress of silicification is distinctly

marked, the most part being opalized, while one portion is still soft and fibrous.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(George Catlin, Esq., on a Proposal for a Museum of Mankind.—Mr. O. W. Brierly, on a Geographical Sketch of the Friendly Isles, with an Account of the Visit of H.M. Ship *Meander*, Captain Keppel, to Yongatabu, with numerous illustrations, &c.)
— School of Mines, 1 p.m.—(Prof. E. Forbes, on Natural History.)
- Tuesday.**—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Mr. C. B. Lane, on an Account of the Works on the Birmingham Extension of the Birmingham and Oxford Junction Railway.)
— Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.
— Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.
— Zoological, 9 p.m.—(Mr. Gray, on New Genera of Fish, Reptiles, and Molluscs.—Mr. A. D. Bartlett, on some Bones of the "Dodo" and "Solitaire.")
— School of Mines, 11 a.m.—(Prof. Hunt, on Mechanical Science.)
- Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Prof. Owen, on Animal Raw Products used in the Arts and Manufactures.)
— Ethnological, 8½ p.m.
— Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
— School of Mines, 11 a.m.—(Dr. Playfair, on Chemistry.)
- Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.—(Prof. Faraday, on the Lines of Magnetic Force, &c.—conclusion.)
— Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.
— School of Mines, 11 a.m.—(Prof. Hunt, on Mechanical Science.)
- Friday.**—Astronomical, 8 p.m.
— Philological, 8 p.m.
— School of Mines, 11 a.m.—(Dr. Playfair, on Chemistry, 1 p.m.—Prof. E. Forbes, on Natural History.)
- Saturday.**—Asiatic, 2 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

OUR introductory remarks in page 779 had for intention to prepare our readers for the course we propose to pursue, by giving a short history of the more important influences which have affected the Fine Arts of this country, in their progress towards that proud position which, on all hands, amongst the observant, both foreign and native, they are allowed to hold at the present time. We say this advisedly; for whilst the longer established and more famed schools of Europe—as those of Germany and France, and perhaps Belgium, though the latter may be said to be an offshoot of the German—have for the last few years been making little progress, England has been advancing with rapid steps, and we have long felt that it has deserved a place for its school of art equal to the highest. It may be said that we lack painters of the high class, by which is meant high art. Without stopping to question that dogma, although we may analyse the subject on a future occasion, we think we may boldly declare it as admitted, even by those recent foreign visitors which the Great Exhibition has attracted to our shores, that for variety and originality of style, carried in their numerous phases to a point of great success, no school of the present day can compete with that of Great Britain. This opinion may startle those whose habit it is to echo with parrot cry the stale sneers which, once perhaps deserved, are now no longer applied with truth, and are only found, therefore, in the mouths of the envious or the ignorant. But even those who may be disposed to look with favour on every cause which tends to the advancement of the honour and glory of their country, may not have noticed that rapid change to which we have alluded, nor be prepared, without more definite showing, to admit so large and novel a proposition, as that English Artists should take rank with those of the other great Art countries, and should even in some instances have produced painters that are—if equalled—not surpassed in their own peculiar style by any masters of any school in the world, in olden or in modern time. To such we propose to point out, to the best of our ability, as occasion may serve, the evidences for so bold a conclusion. And in so doing let our readers understand that we are not of those with whom it is now the fashion to decry the great works of the old masters, and to believe that Raphael and his

followers down to the present epoch have been in error, and following a vicious course of study; that in order to do anything really good and great, it is necessary to commence the art anew, with all the quaint and gothic lameness of the Pre-Raphaelite age. No; whilst we acknowledge the true feeling with which some of his precursors laboured towards an excellence of which they had but faint visions; and whilst we acknowledge that in after times the mere art was in some countries oftentimes made too much a sole consideration, whilst the great object and aim of all true art was ignored, losing the end in the means; still we look back with favour even on those who thought only of these means, and made the way easier to their successors. They practised the arts of design from their sensuous instincts alone, it is true; but when we remind our readers that in that phalanx we must enumerate most of the acknowledged great masters of the Dutch school, we shall recall a popularity even of a very late date, which was in itself alone an excuse for their want of a higher aim, and we envy not the transcendentalist whose eye can travel over their works without sensations of the greatest pleasure. With these views, then—not unaware of the great means of refinement and civilisation which the Fine Arts ought to prove to a great country like our own—we shall enter upon a consideration of the merits of that school which we have before characterised as truly national, and which, if left to its own natural bias, and not too much tampered with by exotic introductions, foreign to our sympathies,—and which can never be productive of more than conventional imitation,—will result ultimately in works of as high and exalted an aim, as are high and exalted the other great qualities of our national characteristics. Our course will be, from time to time, in future notices, to analyse the qualities of our masters, dead and living, singly or in classes, and to compare their powers with those of other times and countries in, or approximating to, their several styles, so as to give the reader a fair and impartial estimate of their worth, with an endeavour to place them before the public in the light they have a right to command, and which, hitherto, they have had no one fairly to claim for them.

The Berlin journals announce the arrival in that city of Doctor Zahn, so well known for his researches in Pompeii and Herculaneum. His work thereon is one of the most important archaeological productions extant. He has passed not fewer than twenty-five years of his life amongst those ancient ruins.

MUSIC.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY commenced their winter series of oratorios last night at Exeter Hall, under the conduct, as before, of Mr. Costa, with Haydn's "Seasons." This was the first time of its performance by the Society, and, we may add, of its receiving so perfect an interpretation in this country, where its celebrated author earned much of his renown from the first great performances of his "Creation" and "Seasons," and not a little substantial reward, for he received 1000*l.* for the score of these works, and wrote the twelve symphonies entirely at the request and expense of Salomon. Haydn is a remarkable exception to the general rule that the best works, or at least those most alive with genius, are the offspring of early and fresher life. He began to write the "Creation" when sixty-three years old, labouring at it with the greatest care for two years, as he said, "because I wish it to last long." After the completion of this *chef d'œuvre*, he was encouraged by the Baron Swieten to take the poetry of our Thomson's "Seasons" as the theme for another work, to the treatment of which his genius seemed to be so completely adapted. He composed the "Seasons" in about two years afterwards, in 1800, and it was his last work of importance. It abounds in happy thoughts, joyous pastoral ideas, without the sublimity of treatment of the "Creation," yet touched with the feeling of genius, and the conscious power of a per-

fect mastery of his resources. At the first trial of the music, Haydn might have been seen in the concert-room of the palace of Swartzenburg, an old man then, pale, anxious, and fatigued with his long study, surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, some of whom had associated with Metastasio, and Porpora the master of Haydn, all anxious to load him with compliments on the beauty of his last production. "I thank you for your praises," said he; "but I feel it is not a 'Creation,' for in that the characters are angels, in this they are only peasants."

The "Seasons" was not generally known in England until Clementi published the vocal score in 1813, with the instrumental parts compressed into an adaptation for the pianoforte. Portions of the work were performed a few years afterwards at some of the provincial musical festivals, with words by the Rev. J. Webb. The work was not performed in this country entire until about 1840, in London and Norwich, with Professor Taylor's adaptation of the poem now used by the Society. The music is composed for a bass, represented by *Simon*, the farmer, sung by Mr. Phillips; a soprano, his daughter, *Miss Birch*; and a tenor, *Albert*, a young countryman, sung by Mr. Lockey. The chorus consists of peasants and hunters.

After the overture, describing the departure of winter, which, though short and comparatively unimportant, was correctly executed, the delightful chorus, "Come, gentle Spring," began in tripping three-time. The colouring and delicately undulating movement of this were displayed with a sweetness of tone, and unity of time, that assured us at once of the perfect ensemble of Mr. Costa's performers. The change to the storm was given with force and precision, while the charming *refrain* of the opening phrase was executed with admirably sweet and subdued treatment. The same excellent qualities were shown in all the choruses. The sublime "Marvellous, Lord, are thy works," which rivals Handel's immortal, "Wonderful Counsellor," realised the grandest emotions of praise and thanksgiving. In the trio part of it, however, the effect was marred by *Miss Birch* singing painfully out of tune. Summer is introduced with some admirably descriptive music, representing dawn. A recitative occurs here for the tenor, interrupted by the oboe mimicking the lark, followed by a call from the horn. The air, "When morning clad," somewhat antiquated in style, but not unsuited to the husbandman, was sung by Mr. Phillips correctly and with proper simplicity. The chorus descriptive of sunrise was a truly splendid achievement,—a glorious burst of sound, rich and brilliant; and the *staccato* passage, "Hail, thou glorious sun," quite electrified the audience. The scene passes on to noon. The whole of the violins are here muted, and Mr. Lockey sang the beautiful air, "Distressing nature faintly sinks," with exquisite taste and precision. A magnificent summer storm arises, the drums roll the thunder, and a remarkable pitapat effect is produced by the *pizzicato* notes of the stringed instruments in imitation of rain-drops. Silence ensues, a few hurried notes from a flute describe a flash of lightning, then follows the chorus, "Save, O Save us," with blasts of trumpets, which dies away, amid the cry of the quail, the lowing of the herds and the distant curfew, into the quaint trio and chorus, "Now night resumes."

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE, on Tuesday, was exceedingly well attended, and the music was selected with taste. The novelties were a "Bourrée and Double," composed for the violin by J. S. Bach, the accompaniment for pianoforte by Herr Molique, executed by him and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and a song of France, "Venice," sung by Mr. Swift, which claims attention, as the work of M. Gounod, the author of *Sappho*; it is not original in any respect, and though we own its prettiness, yet its resemblance to the Gondola "lied" of Mendelssohn could not be mistaken. Miss Dolby sang the "Mentre ti lascio" (Mozart) and "Estelle," a cantata by H. Smart, in her best manner. We shall hope not to be thought fastidious if we offer a remark upon the instrumental music, which is applicable to it all, and by

for the greater proportion of such performances—that it was executed with such a want of fervour and enjoyment by the players. Now perhaps the most precious desideratum of the drawing-room style is “feeling” and “expression;” if joined with the accomplishments of study and manipulative skill, so much the better; but not mere playing like an automaton, and keeping time like a metronome. Music concerns the thoughts, the poetic feelings, not the hands; yet we see a violinist cast his bow as carelessly over the strings as a weaver throws his shuttle; his playing is cold, inanimate, unsympathetic, and ineffective, because he loves it not. All music is to be enjoyed; the highest enjoyment of it is emotional, and to create this feeling the artiste must enjoy it himself, or at least appear to us to do so. Nothing is so disenchanting as a thoughtless style of playing.

The ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY appears to have failed, mainly, from want of unanimity amongst the promoters. After having, since the time of its first announcement, excited a lively interest amongst amateurs, artistes, and critics; having gained the countenance and support of many eminent professors, and the positive self-engagement of a full orchestra, from the ranks of the best players of the day, the first performance cannot be got up because two principals at the last moment discover it would be inconvenient to them to play, and would interfere with their other public engagements. The first rehearsal was rendered abortive by the absence of no less than twenty instrumentalists, and Mr. Hullah, the musical director, threw up his baton in despair. We know well how difficult it is to manage any body of musicians, especially when of the first order; this jealousy has to be soothed, and that rivalry to be avoided, so that the combination of talent is no common achievement. Of all artistes they are, generally speaking, the least zealous and anxious for their art, and seldom actuated by a pure love for it, as well as for the elevation and benefit of their fellows. But besides all the difficulties inseparable from a republic of art, such as this Society was intended to be at starting, other influences have worked its failure. The Philharmonic, in their high-mightiness, pooh-poohed it altogether, with the honourable exception of Mr. Neate and Mr. Cipriani Potter, who had signified their best wishes for its welfare; no doubt, too, some of the absentee artistes were afraid of losing in the new venture the paying patronage of the Philharmonic exclusives, and even that of M. Jullien. Another party, unfriendly too, had a plan in embryo for weekly concerts of first-class instrumental music, which the Orchestral Society would have stifled. The committee of management are about to issue an explanation of the dissolution.

M. JULLIEN gave what he terms a Mendelssohn festival on Wednesday. The first part of the evening was devoted to playing the whole of the A minor symphony, the music to the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ two of the ‘Lieder ohne Worte,’ by Mr. A. Billet, and two movements from the concerto in E minor, by Sivori.—The effect of the music was, however, sadly marred by the interruptions from the crowds of the promenade, hundreds of whom, not being able to see or hear, amused themselves by exercising their privilege of vociferating applause, always coming in at the middle of the pianissimo passages.

M. Ella, the successful designer and director of the Musical Union, announces a series of chamber concerts, after the style of those given at his ‘Union,’ at Willis’s Rooms, to commence on Jan. 15th. If these are conducted with the same taste and determination to afford the best music by the greatest artistes, there will be no lack of support. A series of German Glees and Madrigals, by a German choir, is, we hear, projected, at Exeter Hall, the first to be held on the 11th inst. Madame Garcia, whose singing we noticed at the Réunion des Arts, is to be the prima donna at Drury Lane. Hallé, the pianist, is giving chamber concerts at Manchester, with great éclat. The Mademoiselles Shergold, three sisters, a violinist, pianist,

and vocalist, are performing at Brighton. Madame Sala, well known in the early days of concerts, is also performing at Brighton. Mr. G. Robinson, one of our oldest ballad singers, took a benefit at Sadler’s Wells on Wednesday. He was the first who sang the well-known ‘My Pretty Jane.’

At the Opera Comique, a new opera by Limnander, was brought out on Monday, according to announcement. The music is well spoken of by the Paris critics, and has quite equalled the high expectations raised in the musical circles, by the talent of the author of *Les Monténégrins*. M. Dufresne, a new tenor, who sang for the first time, made some sensation, and has taken a high position at his first attempt. Madame Ugaldé, in adding a new part to her already rich *répertoire*, gained fresh admirers. Guasco, the new tenor at the Italiens, made his début in Ernani, on Tuesday, in company with Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli. His success was great.

Spontini’s ‘Olympia’ has been revived at the Berlin Opera House, and, despite of the scantiness of the libretto, the work has made a profound sensation. The German musical papers are very eloquent in praise of Fräulein Minna Tourny, a young dramatic singer of great promise, who has of late been performing in the Alsace and in Switzerland.

THE DRAMA.

THE only theatrical event of the week demanding to be noticed, or even recorded, is Mr. Wright’s re-appearance at the ADELPHI, on Monday, in the character of *Paul Pryn*. He received on his entrance the honours, accorded in this instance with unusual enthusiasm, due to a great public favourite on such an occasion. His entrance was the signal for long-continued and loud applause, which ceased only to be renewed on his uttering significantly his entering-speech—‘I hope I don’t intrude.’ Mr. Wright seems to have completely recovered his voice, and to have lost none of his peculiar but genuine humour. The house was certainly well attended. The promised comedy at the HAY-MARKET has been postponed; it is now announced with the name of *The Man of Law*.

The LYCEUM will open under its old management on Monday week.

Madame George Sand has produced this week another charming little drama at the Gymnase Dramatique at Paris. It is called *Le Mariage de Victorine*; but instead of creating her own *Victorine*, she has borrowed the personage of that name—from the celebrated comedy, by Sedaine, (a working man,) called *Le Philosophe sans le savoir*—one of the very best, by the way, in the French acting stock. She, however, takes up *Victorine* where her predecessor left her; and deals with her in such a way that her plagiarism, if such it can be called, will readily be pardoned.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, December 3.

POLITICAL matters do not fall within my province; but it must be stated that the mighty events accomplished yesterday—the dispersal of the National Parliament by force of arms, and the seizure of the supreme power by Louis Bonaparte—in other terms, a revolution,—a revolution, too, accompanied by the state of siege,—have already caused the suspension of several newspapers and periodicals, and in all probability are destined, by creating profound agitation, and it may be sanguinary commotion, to have a most disastrous effect on literary enterprise. By the convulsion of February, literature was for a time literally annihilated, and the disturbances which followed plunged it in a state of depression from which it took many, many months to recover, even partially. And now, just as it was beginning “to be itself again,” it is again stricken down. Again will the publishers have no capital to invest, or be unwilling to risk it in books:—again will poor authors, for no fault of their own, be deprived of the employment by which they find bread for their families:—again will the myriads of printers, paper-makers, bookbinders,

type-founders, and other trades dependent upon these two callings, find misery invade their little households:—and again will the literary star of France, which generally shines so gloriously in the European firmament, be dimmed.

To-day Paris is quiet—but it is a quietude which creates alarm. It seems as if a funeral pall were spread over the city.

A few weeks ago you announced that extensive excavations were making in the Appian Way at Rome, and that a vast number of tombs, both of the patrician and plebeian class, had already been brought to light. These “diggings” have excited very marked interest in the learned circles of this city; and a distinguished archaeologist has proposed that a general subscription shall be raised in Europe for continuing them. The Roman government, or some private individuals of Rome, have heretofore supplied the funds; but the burden is now becoming too great to be borne by them alone. Our archaeologist is sanguine that if the matter were brought before the learned societies, and the learned public of different countries, a large sum would be at once contributed:—for, as he justly remarks, the famous ‘Queen of Roads’ of the old Romans is not a mere local curiosity, but a matter of universal concern wherever Roman deeds are read of, and wherever science is loved.

Death has taken to himself old Marshal Soult: he was cut off on the 26th ult. Aged 82, he was born in the year 1769, which witnessed the birth of Cuvier, Walter Scott, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Wellington, and Napoleon. As a warrior and a statesman, the ‘Literary Gazette’ has little to do with him; but as a renowned amateur of pictures, he deserves a niche in its columns. Few private individuals possessed a more costly collection than his, and none assuredly ever got one so cheap. When he was in Spain, he remembered the famous

“Good old rule, and simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can;”

and so, having the power to help himself to pictures in convents, and noblemen’s mansions, and galleries and libraries, he—helped himself. An old retired officer of my acquaintance, who served under him, tells with high glee many a queer story of the “artful dodges” which the military picture-fancier employed to obtain possession of any valuable canvas. When, for instance, he had reason to believe that the monks of any convent had secreted a Murillo, or an altar-piece by any less renowned painter, he used to cause the father prior, and sub-prior, and all the functionaries of the establishment, to be taken one by one to a platoon of soldiers, and there threatened with instant death, in the event of their not producing the coveted picture. In some cases he actually had poor fellows shot for declining to give information, or having none to give; but, generally speaking, the measures produced the wished-for effect. Napoleon more than once called him to account for the pictures which he was known to have thus got, but he cunningly contrived to avoid giving up any of real importance. It was not from any love of art that the bluff soldier pillaged in this way, but from love of money. And it was from the same reason that he subsequently kept his collection together—no one being able or willing to give him the price he wanted. The way in which he imposed (unwittingly, no doubt) on King Louis Philippe is well known; he made his majesty pay 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* for an alleged Murillo, which was not worth a third of the money.

A curious fact for astronomers has just been ascertained. In the papers of the celebrated Lalande, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Arago, there is a note to the effect that so far back as the 25th of October, 1800, he and Burckhardt, were of opinion, from calculations, that there must be a planet beyond Uranus, and they occupied themselves for some time in trying to discover its precise position.

Silvio Pellico, so famous for his works, his imprisonments and sufferings, is now in Paris.

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20	1 13 10	1 19 3	50	4 0 9	4 10 7
30	2 4 0	2 10 4	60	6 1 0	6 7 4

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EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

London, Aug. 8, 1851.

At the Annual General Meeting of Proprietors, held this day, the Hon. JOHN CHETWYND TALBOT, Q.C., the Chairman of the Company, in the chair, a Report was read, from which it appeared—

That the income of the Company for the year ending June 30, 1851, was £140,338 1 9
The premium on policies issued in the year .. 5,399 13 9
The claims on deceased lives assured .. 83,691 1 9
The expenses .. 5,686 5 0
The total assets of the Company .. 704,010 14 0
The report entered into further details, and finished by stating that the directors felt it unnecessary to dwell further upon the items of the year's account, as the quinquennial valuation to be made in June next was so near.

The report was unanimously adopted, and some routine business having been disposed of, the thanks of the meeting were very cordially voted to the chairman, directors, and officers of the Company, when the meeting separated.

The premiums required by the Company are very moderate, and moreover are accurately adjusted.

The assured of the participating class share the whole surplus, less 20 per cent. only.

The lives assured may travel and live in any part of the globe, not within 33 degrees of the equator, without extra charge.

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Nov. 1851. THOMAS ROWE EDMONDS, Actuary.

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The distinguished and increasing patronage which has been bestowed by the nobility and gentry on M. Jullien's Bals Masques, since their first introduction in this country, may be accepted as a sure evidence of the great popularity of such entertainments, when properly conducted and produced on the scale of grandeur and magnificence which has on each occasion characterized them. On the present occasion, the Salle de Danse will exhibit a new and tasteful decoration, the audience portion of the theatre, as well as the stage, being entirely wreathed with artificial flowers. A superb *eclairage* will, as usual, shed lustre on the scene, and be characterized by the splendid effects of the Crystal Curtain. The Orchestra will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of one hundred and twelve musicians, being the present Concert orchestra, with numerous additions. Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, Herr Koenig. Conductor, M. Jullien. The new and fashionable music of the present season will be played, and include several new polkas, waltzes, mazurkas, and quadrilles, composed expressly for her Majesty's state balls at Buckingham Palace, the nobility's balls, Almack's, &c., by M. Jullien.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d. The prices of admission for Spectators (for whom the audience portion of the theatre will, as before, be set apart), will be as on former occasions, viz.:

Dress Circle	5s.	Lower Gallery	2s.
Boxes	3s.	Upper Gallery	1s.

Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking private boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the ball-room, without extra charge.

Mr. J. Nathan, jun., of 18, Castle-street, Leicester-square, is appointed costumer to the ball. Persons in the costume of clowns, harlequins, or pantalons, will not be admitted. The doors will be opened at half-past 9, the dancing commence at 10, and the supper be served at 1 o'clock. Tickets for the ball, places, and private boxes, to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at the principal Music-sellers and Libraries.

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Commence at Eight.

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The first annual meeting of this association was held at the offices, Pall Mall, Nov. 24th, the Rev. J. Harvey Ashforth in the chair, supported by Major Stones; Mr. J. A. Durham; Mr. J. C. Christopher; the Rev. J. Soper; Mr. T. Vaughan; Mr. John Smith, Liverpool; Mr. G. Marshall, Plymouth; Mr. H. Hudson, Nottingham; Mr. H. Bach, Sheffield; Mr. R. Kitchen, Sheffield; Mr. Simes, Brighton; Mr. Marshall, and about seventy other proprietors.

The business having been formally opened,

The CHAIRMAN stated, that it gave him great pleasure to meet, on that occasion, so numerous and respectable a meeting of the shareholders in the Trafalgar Life Assurance Association. He could assure them that it would always give the directors of that company, as it ought to do the directors of all joint-stock associations, the greatest pleasure to meet the shareholders, in order that they might have the benefit of the opinions and suggestions of the proprietors. (Cheers.) He did not then intend to address them at any length, but would reserve his remarks upon the report until it had been laid before them.

Mr. THOMAS H. BAYLIS (the manager and secretary) then read the following report:—

"It is with peculiar feelings of satisfaction that the directors of the Trafalgar Life Assurance Association appear before the shareholders upon this their first meeting. The successful result of their exertions, a result almost unprecedented in the history of similar institutions, considering how short a time has elapsed since they commenced active operations, will be best understood from the statement of facts now submitted for consideration. The date of complete registration was the 19th of November, 1850. Between that period and the 15th of June, 1851, scarcely seven months, the whole number of shares being twenty-five thousand, and representing a capital of 250,000*l.*, was subscribed for, and a proprietary of no less than nine hundred persons was created, selected chiefly from the more influential classes of the community, thus establishing the operations of the association on a basis at once solid and extensive. (Cheers.) From the beginning, the directors indulged in sanguine hopes that the new and important feature of the Trafalgar, which combines the present interests of the living with the future interests of their representatives, was calculated, in an eminent degree, to benefit society at large, and to procure for the institution the favourable opinion and extensive support of the public. They have not been deceived in their expectations. The rapid absorption of the shares, and the still increasing demand for them, the influential character of the local boards which they are now forming at this early period of the association—the respectability of the agents—and the success hitherto attendant upon their efforts—are circumstances which speak plainly as to the popularity, ultimate extension, and permanence of its principles. In reference to the above remarks, they have also the satisfaction of stating that they have already succeeded in establishing local boards in the important towns of Liverpool and Nottingham, consisting of the following gentlemen, whose station and respectability offer the best guarantee of their ability to carry out fully the enlarged principles of the association:—

"LIVERPOOL LOCAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.—Directors: Chairman—Robert Proctor, Esq. (successor to Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P.), merchant, Brunswick-street; James Harrison, Esq. (retired late firm, Messrs. Leech, Harrison, and Co., merchants), Waterloo, Crosby; Thos. Urquhart, Esq. (late of Bold-street), Calderstone-cottage, Wavertree; Geo. Philip, Esq., bookseller, South Castle-street; Thomas Branch, Esq., auctioneer, Hanover-street; John Smith, Esq., arbitrator, Commerce-court. Medical Referee—Geo. Gill, Esq., 2, Soho-street. Solicitors—Messrs. Thornely and Jevons, Pemberton-buildings. Managing Director and Secretary for Liverpool—John Smith, Esq. Offices—2, Commerce-court.

"NOTTINGHAM LOCAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.—Directors: Chairman—Alderman Richard Birkin; Alderman Franklin Judd, The Exchange, Market-place; Thos. Ball, Esq. (firm of Ball, Dunncliffe, and Co., Castle-gate). The Park, Nottingham; Thos. Robinson, Esq. (firm of Robinson, Son, and Sising), Basford, Notts; Thomas Bayley, Esq. (firm of Bayley and Shaw, Lenton), Ellesmere-terrace, Nottingham; John Sising, Esq. (firm of Robinson, Son, and Sising), Basford, Notts; George Boaler, Esq., Langwith Mill, near Mansfield, Notts. Medical Referees—J. Higginbottom, Esq., F.R.C.S., and G. E. Stanger, Esq. Solicitor—Edwin Patchitt, Esq. Secretary and Agent—Mr. H. Hudson, Printing Offices, Maypole-yard.

"In addition to the above influential local boards, the directors anticipate a still further increase of power and co-operation by the formation, at an early period, of a similar board of management, through the zeal and energy of their active agent, Mr. Henry Bach, in the commercial and enterprising town of Sheffield; as also in Manchester and other important districts. Up to this date, being twelve months since the commencement of business, 325 policies have been effected for 95,783*l.*, producing an annual income of 3092*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*, and with one trifling exception, no casualties have occurred, nor any inroad been made upon the resources of the society, which must be attributed to the skill of the medical officers, and the caution exercised by the board in the selection of lives. The following gentlemen retire from the direction—viz., Mr. Edward Tayloe and Mr. Edward Gould Bradley; but, being again eligible, offer themselves for re-election. The auditors retiring are Mr. Alfred C. Tatham and Mr. Thomas Cooper; but being again eligible, offer themselves for re-election. In conformity with the provisions of the deed of settlement, the directors recommend that a dividend of five per cent. be paid to the shareholders, from the date of their respective deposits up to the 24th of June, 1851. (Cheers.) It has not been without much personal labour and anxiety that the directors have contributed their aid in bringing about these

desirable results. They have used the strictest economy, so far as they found economy consistent with efficiency and the great objects they have in view, and they refer with confidence to the balance-sheet, duly approved and audited, and now presented as part of this report, and which comprehends the liquidation of the whole of the preliminary expenses of the association. (Cheers.) The directors take this opportunity of acknowledging the valuable and efficient services of the various officers of the association, to whose zeal and energy is to be, in a great measure, attributed the sound and prominent position it has already attained. In conclusion, the directors offer their hearty congratulations to all concerned, on the satisfactory progress effected thus early in their career; and, at the same time, they beg earnestly to impress on each shareholder the paramount necessity of individual exertion, in extending the operations and promoting the interests of the association, this being the sure test of faith in its principles, and the real and substantial foundation of its future success." (Cheers.)

The balance-sheet to the 24th June showed that, after defraying all charges and writing off all preliminary expenses, there remained a balance in hand of 2032*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*; the whole of the paid-up capital to the date at which the accounts were made up being only 7426*l.*, and the receipts for premiums 981*l.*

The CHAIRMAN said that it was with no little diffidence that, upon the occasion of their first meeting he rose to address a few observations to them—not from any want of confidence in the satisfactory nature of the report, but from the simple feeling that he was incapable of doing justice to it. It was generally the case that persons placed in his position were called upon to talk of the hopes of prosperity in the future. That was not his case. He had not to say to them, "There is the horizon, and the sun will soon appear above it," but he would say that the sun had risen—that it had shone upon their exertions—and that they had been rewarded far above all their expectations. (Cheers.) They had passed through the slough of despond in which so many of their competitors were involved, or were labouring through, and he could fairly say that the success of the Trafalgar Life Assurance was *un fait accompli*. (Loud cheers.) It was said in the report that the directors had used "the strictest economy so far as they found economy consistent with efficiency, and the great objects they have in view, and they refer, with confidence, to the balance sheet, duly approved and audited, and now presented as part of this report, and which comprehends the liquidation of the whole of the preliminary expenses of the association." (Cheers.) Now, he thought that must be important, but he thought it only fair to call their attention to the fact that the balance sheet was only brought down to the 24th of June, and, therefore, as it only contained their receipts during the first seven months of their operations, it would be most unfair to form an idea of their position from that document—the more especially as the first seven months might fairly be stated to have been occupied in allotting their shares amongst responsible parties, and making arrangements for the future management of the affairs of the association. (Cheers.) He might, however, state that all the expenses had been now ascertained and discharged—(Cheers)—and that though the expenses of management might appear to be somewhat large in their early career, that they must of necessity be nearly the same for conducting a business of 5000*l.* a year as of 500,000*l.* a year, and, therefore, however much their business might increase, there would be no corresponding increase of expenses. (Loud cheers.) There was another subject mentioned in the report to which he wished to call attention—namely, the new and important principles the association in life assurance offered to the public. What were these new features? The one was the setting aside, at every division of profits, of one clear tenth for the purpose of creating a permanent annuity fund, for the benefit during life of such share or policy holder, who, from any cause, and at any age, might be reduced in their circumstances, and extending afterwards to their widows, children, and grandchildren; and the second was the devotion of one clear tenth of profits of each and every division, to the purposes of creating a permanent educational apprenticeship fee, or endowment fund for the use and benefit of the children of the share or policy holders, who at any time might require such assistance. He could not allude to those principles without feeling that they were so important, and were framed in such a spirit of philanthropy, that all persons were called upon by feelings of humanity and Christianity to carry them out to the uttermost. (Cheers.) As a clergyman, he felt proud of presiding there that day, and being enabled to conduce, by his feeble efforts, to promote the interests of a society which he felt had a most useful and philanthropic end in view. (Cheers.) Some persons might object to the principles upon which their association was founded, and say that the whole of the profits ought to go into the pockets of the assured; but he could prove that every 10 per cent. that was put aside for the formation of the benevolent or the education fund brought 100 per cent. profit to the proprietary and the assured, by increasing the business of the association. (Cheers.) What was it that had given them nearly 1000 shareholders within seven months? The principles upon which the association was founded. (Cheers.) What was it that had enabled them to dispose of 25,000 shares, and give them, within twelve months, an income exceeding 3000*l.* per annum? Why, the popular and philanthropic principles upon which the association was founded. (Cheers.) What had induced to the establishment of those excellent local boards exhibited in the report? Why, their principles! (Cheers.) Their principles had supported them, and extended their influence against all opposition and contumely. (Loud cheers.) The only other part of the report to which he would call attention was

that which alluded to the necessity for individual exertion on the part of the shareholders, in extending the operations and promoting the interests of the association. (Hear, hear.) He knew that there were not many who could do much, but all could do something. (Cheers.) If each of the shareholders exerted himself, and brought one policy to the association during the next year, they might easily conceive what would be the result in years to come. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. A. DURHAM (a director of the London and County Joint Stock Bank) had great pleasure in moving the adoption of the report, and in doing so he must beg leave to make a few observations relative to the association. For some years past his attention had been directed to the subject of life assurance, and he had been convinced that it had not made the progress it ought to do, owing to the principles upon which it was founded not having marched with the progress of other institutions in the world. (Hear, hear.) He was convinced that the keeping up of millions of money, without any power advantageously to use them, was neither good for the company or for the community. He well remembered an observation of a late illustrious statesman, Sir Robert Peel, who was one of the most practical men that England ever produced in this commercial country, to the effect that, wherever a real saving of money was effected, the nation could not be made to understand it till years after the saving took place, and he (Mr. Durham) believed that the same remark would apply to life assurance. (Cheers.) In this company there were two striking features, the one being, that in consequence of the relief or annuity fund to be created out of the profits, no proprietor or policy holder could ever come to want; as should he be overtaken by sickness or poverty, he had not to go and seek charity, but he had the right to come to that society and ask for relief with an erect and independent mien. (Cheers.) The other great feature was the educational, by which their children, should they fall into distress, or their orphans, were entitled to receive from the society, when they could themselves no longer offer the parental protection, a fair and proper education. He had no hesitation in stating that the old offices were perfectly safe—and that their business was conducted with the utmost honour and integrity—(Cheers)—but at the same time, they did not possess the advantages of those of more modern date. (Cheers.) He was a large holder in this company, having 1200 shares, and would have been glad to have had 12,000, only one man could not monopolise the whole of a company to himself. (Cheers.) But in taking those shares he was aware that, from the smallness of the amount to be paid, they could be of no particular immediate advantage to himself, though he looked upon it that they would hereafter prove a most important provision for his family. (Cheers.) Perhaps the only office with which the Trafalgar could be fairly compared was the Rock. That had started upon the new principle of only calling up a small portion of their capital—ten shillings per share—and though that company had no new features to recommend it, its shares were now worth 7*l.* each (Cheers), and they were now taking steps to merge it into a mutual office, so as to give the profits to the assured. He only instanced that company to show that large paid-up capital was not necessary; but he believed that no company, excepting the Trafalgar, had yet come before the public, and shown that, within seven months, the whole of their capital, amounting to 250,000*l.*, was subscribed for by a good and responsible proprietary. Within the same time the receipts from premiums were only 981*l.*, whilst now they were 3,100*l.*, assuring 100,000*l.*, showing how successful the last six months had been in producing business, compared to the first. (Hear, hear.) With regard to the struggles which a company had to undergo during the first six months of its existence, nobody could so well speak as those who had been connected with them, and he felt that nothing but the greatest zeal, integrity, prudence, and perseverance, could have brought a company, in so short a period, to so successful an issue. (Hear, hear.) He had the honour of being connected with the Professional Life Assurance office—one of the first which started on the new principle by Mr. Baylis, whom he might call the Colossus of Actuaries. (Cheers.) The Professional had only been established five years, and the business had been increasing in a ratio which had no precedent, and could only be equalled by that of the Trafalgar. (Cheers.) He could not conclude without offering them his hearty congratulations upon the success which had hitherto attended their exertions, and he had no doubt that their shares, with 10*s.* paid, would, within half a dozen years, approach in value those of the Rock, and be worth at least 5*l.* (Cheers.) He felt that no company had ever come before the public with a more satisfactory statement, and he had, therefore, great pleasure in moving the adoption of the report. (Cheers.)

Major STONES (chairman of the Professional Life Assurance Company) seconded the resolution. He was sorry, in one respect, that he had not been present at the commencement of the proceedings, but he was glad in another respect—as, had he been present in time, he should have claimed the privilege of moving the adoption of the report, and thereby deprived them of hearing the excellent exposition of the principles of life assurance given them by his friend, Mr. Durham. He had heard it said that the Professional office was the parent of the Trafalgar; and so far as he, as chairman of the Professional, could claim the paternity, he could assure them he was proud of his boy. (Cheers and laughter.) The report laid before them that day contained a most lucid and complete statement of their affairs; showing them that they not only enjoyed prosperity at present, but that there was every prospect of prosperity in the future, far exceeding anything that the most sanguine could hope for a few months since. (Loud cheers.) An eminent person, he believed one of the judges, had stated that everybody had a soul to be saved and a certain

portion of his person to be kicked, but that a corporation had none. (Laughter.) Now, he could not speak feelingly on the subject, though, perhaps, there were some there that could—(laughter)—but he could most sincerely say, that the corporation of which they were then speaking had no reason to fear, as they had honourably conducted the business for the benefit of the proprietors. It had been stated that no parties could labour for their own individual benefit and that of mankind at the same time, but this association gave the lie direct to such an assertion. (Cheers.) Here, whilst they were promoting the great interests of humanity, they were also at the same time adding to their own prosperity, Mr. Durham having stated that they should some day put their hands into their pockets and find these 10s. increased to 5l.; and a gentleman whom he believed to be a better judge (Mr. Baylis) had, if he mistook not, estimated that it would become of the value of 30l. (Cheers and laughter.) They had a most admirable direction, and an actuary under whose auspices he felt this office must soon become one of the first in the kingdom. (Cheers.) Moreover, their secretary was the son of that great and good man, and he was sure Mr. Baylis would excuse him if he said that he was a "chip of the old block"—that block being English oak. (Cheers.) He would not further detain them, but, congratulating both himself and them upon the success which had attended the office, he most cordially seconded the motion. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. BIRMINGHAM, as one of the first and oldest directors, could not allow the opportunity to pass without saying a few words in support of the proposition then before them. When he first saw Mr. Baylis, and heard him expatiate on the principles of the institution, he could not help seeing the value of them; but he certainly had never expected that those principles would be so fully appreciated that they would be able to effect 335 policies in the first year of their existence. Indeed, his boldest aspirations did not soar above one-fourth of that number. (Hear, hear.) The Chairman had dwelt, as well he might, with a feeling of pride on the success which had attended their office, as they now possessed 1100 proprietors, many of whom were of the highest standing and wealth, and all of them holding a respectable position in society. Such a proprietary could not fail to give confidence to the public, more especially when it was considered that only one-twentieth part of the capital was paid up. Then, again, it would be seen that they had lately formed local boards, with the names of gentlemen upon them whose respectability was undoubted, and must secure them a great accession of business. There were in this association two characteristics which, as new features in life assurance, must recommend it to public support. The first of these was altogether peculiar to the Trafalgar—he meant the educational fund, by which, should any proprietor or policy holder fall into distress or die, without being enabled to extend to his children the invaluable blessing of education, this institution would step forward and give it to his child or orphan. (Hear, hear.) The other great feature in this association was the establishment of the relief fund, by which every proprietor or policy holder, whatever the vicissitudes of life, would be secured from want. (Cheers.) The report stated that they had had but one trifling casualty. Now, perhaps, what directors would call trifling, proprietors might not, and he would therefore state that the amount they had lost was only £100, which, seeing 325 policies had been granted by the society, showed an immunity from the common accidents of life which scarcely could have been expected under any circumstances, and evidenced the vigilance and care which was taken in the selection of the lives. (Loud cheers.) Irrespective of the attention paid to the subject by their medical referees, they had two medical men at their board, who paid every attention, and exercised the utmost caution, in the selection of none but the best lives, so that this association was exposed to as few casualties as could possibly attend life assurance. In conducting the business of life assurance, they had many difficulties to contend with, and perhaps one of the strongest of those difficulties was the superstition which the gentler sex had, that if their husbands insured, their lives would necessarily be shortened. If they looked at the circumstance that a man of the age of thirty could assure his life for £500 for only four shillings a week, and they considered how imperceptibly such an amount glided out of a man's pocket, they would see how little self-denial was required to provide for a family when a man was no more. The instant a man showed that he was forgetful of the uncertainty of life, he ought to take out a policy for the benefit of his family, the more especially if his income depended upon his profession, or from a salary, which, dying with him, left him without the means of making due provision for his family. He wished they could enlist, in support of this cause, the clergy and the moral and didactic writers of the day. There was nothing which would more become the ministers of religion than, whenever they had an opportunity, of recommending to the members of their congregations of small income to make a provision, by life assurance, for their widows and their children, rather than that those ministers should have to apply for their relief to public benevolence, or the cold charity of private individuals. He would suggest to those reverend gentlemen always to have life assurance in view, and, of course, to recommend the Trafalgar. (Loud cheers.) With the exception of the clergy, there was no class of men who had greater opportunities of seeing the misery produced for the want of a provision being made for a family than those of the medical profession. How often was it, when watching by the bedside, that the medical man found that all his skill, all his care, all his anxiety, were of no avail, in consequence of the mind of the patient being torn by the knowledge that no provision was made for his family. No remedy, no opiate could calm that mind, but when the patient was conscious that he had made a provision for his family in case of necessity, the sufferings might be not only alleviated, but the patient himself restored to health. (Cheers.) He hoped and trusted that the principles enunciated in the Trafalgar Life Insurance Association would make progress, as he had no doubt they would, the edu-

cational and annuity funds being of themselves most important and valuable elements of success. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. BAYLIS, the consulting actuary, stated that he was glad to see present so many faces that he was in the habit of meeting at other places—to see that life assurance was taking so expansive a flight—to see that the principles, to the promotion of which he had devoted his life, were taking such strong hold on the public mind, as by those principles men might not only secure themselves from distress, but their widows and orphans from penury. (Cheers.) After briefly alluding to the principles upon which the institution was founded, and a small but active directory appointed, the speaker stated that one old office upon a paid-up capital of £500,000, divided in dividends £75,000 per annum, or 15 per cent. Now, as this company only had £12,500 paid up, the dividend of five per cent. only amounted to £625 per annum, which, deducted from £75,000, left £74,375 to their account. He had been bred in the high school of expenditure, where it took £22,000 per annum to produce this £75,000, but he altogether disapproved of such expenditure. According to the beautiful system of the Trafalgar, the principles of which were eternal, they could scarcely expect to obtain from all commendation, wealth, and fame. What was wealth? It could not be carried beyond this world. What was fame? How long would it last—a day—a year—a thousand years—10,000 years. He felt that any honest man that could lay to his heart a conviction that he had done good to his fellow-men, won that fair fame that was above all considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence, and would enable him to pass from this world with a consciousness of his having at least done his duty. He would take the £74,375 as profit upon the operation, and according to the principles of the Trafalgar, one half, or £37,187 would go as bonuses, as ready money to the policy-holders; or yield, at the end of five or seven years, at 3 per cent., the reversion of £1,200,000. One-tenth of the amount he had stated, or £7,437, would go to the creation of their annuity fund, and a similar amount to their educational fund, and £14,865, or two-tenths, would go in bonuses to the proprietors, or yield them a dividend of 119 per cent., whilst a further portion was set aside to buy up the shares and give the policy-holders the benefit of the whole profits. In expounding the principles of assurance that he had promulgated, he had been exposed to considerable calumny, which, he was happy to say, was answered by the success of the Professional and the Trafalgar. He felt assured that, if the old companies did not alter the principle upon which they had been doing business, they must, ere long, shut up shop, rest in the contemplation of their hoarded millions, and do no good to their fellow-men. (Hear, hear.) He had been astonished to hear intelligent men, who called themselves actuaries, say that the principles promulgated by him (Mr. Baylis) were all moonshine. Now, supposing they had nine millions of accumulated capital, as one of the old companies had, that would, at 3 per cent., produce them 27,000l. a year, and would any gentleman tell him that that would not be sufficient to provide annuities for all that could possibly require it in any Life Assurance Company. If they did, he could only call them actuaries by courtesy. (Cheers and laughter.) He had heard that other gentlemen in the country had said that Mr. Baylis had started two or three offices, with the view of catching all the funds he could, and then going off. (Laughter.) He could afford such a calumny as that, the more especially when the chairman and the deputy-chairman of the company with which he was more immediately connected, came up to move the adoption of the report in the Trafalgar, thus showing that no jealousy existed between the companies. (Cheers.) The chairman of the Professional Company had kindly spoken of his (Mr. Baylis's) son, as a chip of the old block, he trusted he would ever prove himself so in independence and integrity, and that he would at all times be enabled to raise his head with honesty on his brow, and the consciousness that he had done his duty. (Loud cheers.) Of all the professions to which men could be educated, not even excepting that of the church, he knew none more valuable, none more noble, none more honourable, than that of Life Assurance. Through that profession every man could make a provision for his family's circle, and if he did not so, he neglected a duty which some day he would be sure to regret. Any person joining this institution would be sure to be freed from the chances of misery and distress himself, irrespective of the good he would do his family by insuring them from want. (Cheers.) He hoped and felt assured that the principles of this great institution would become universally acknowledged and acted upon. (Loud cheers.)

The question relative to the accounts having been disposed of,

Mr. SMITH (of Liverpool) stated that the new principles of assurance were meeting with great and eminent success in the town with which he was connected. Not only the novelty but the value of the principles enunciated by the Trafalgar was attracting attention, and there could be no doubt that ere long this would be one of the most successful of all assurance offices. He considered that the two-tenths of the profits set aside to form the educational and annuity funds would, as soon as the principle became thoroughly known, be of more than 100 per cent. value to them in obtaining assurers. Under the beautiful tables of this office, not only could they provide for their widows and their orphans, but a man of thirty years of age could, for the small sum of 5l. per day, provide themselves with an annuity of £100, should they be afflicted with blindness, paralysis, or other misfortune, preventing them from following their avocations. He felt that the success of this institution had been most unparalleled; but, at the same time, he begged to state that he was no new advocate of life assurance, having spoken in its favour in a large meeting at Birmingham so long since as 1835. Amongst the other advantages of this association was, that any man of thirty placing aside 1s. per week, could insure himself an income of £25 5s. from the age of sixty-five. Seeing the little self-denial that was required, he was sure that it

would require but little argument to induce all those with whom they could come in contact to secure to themselves the advantages of life assurance. Their banner bore upon it the memorable words of Nelson—"England expects that every man should do his duty." Now, he dare say they all recollected the yachting contest that took place in the Southampton waters a short time since, when it was stated that "Yankee Doodle Do" ought to be changed to "Yankee Doodle Did." (Laughter.) And he trusted that, when they next met, they would be enabled to say, not only that England expected that every man should do his duty, but that thousands of men had done it. (Cheers.)

The resolution for the adoption of the report was then put and carried unanimously.

Upon the motion of Mr. BIRMINGHAM, seconded by Mr. BACH, Mr. Edward Tayloe and Mr. E. G. Bradley were re-elected directors.

Mr. BRADLEY returned thanks on behalf of himself and colleague.

The retiring auditors having been re-elected,

Mr. TATHAM returned thanks, and stated that their duties were rendered extremely light by the beautiful manner in which the books were kept by the accountant, Mr. Martin Baylis.

Mr. HART had the pleasing duty of proposing a vote of thanks to their gifted actuary.

Mr. TEULON seconded the motion, which was carried amidst loud cheers.

Mr. BAYLIS felt that it was at all times a proud position to be placed in, to receive the thanks of those with whom he was connected, for having honestly done his duty. It was impossible for a company like this, that was compelled by act of parliament to make public an annual statement of their receipts and expenditure, could go materially wrong, or if they did, the shareholders had the remedy in their own hands. He felt that the principles of the Trafalgar must make way, and nothing delighted him more than the knowledge that, in Liverpool, where they had a powerful local office—that in Nottingham, where there were old associations—in Sheffield, where there was also a powerful local office, and other places—the principles of the Trafalgar had taken deep root, and produced good fruit for their association. (Loud cheers.) From Sheffield they had already received forty policies, and he doubted not, when they again met, it would be found that their local connexions had proved most valuable in promoting the interests of the society. (Cheers.) He felt that it was a great compliment that the chairman and deputy-chairman of the society with which he was more immediately connected (the Professional) had, eschewing all rivalry, moved and seconded the adoption of the report that day. (Cheers.) He trusted that the same feeling would ever continue; for though they might all hold shares in different ships, each captain must look to his own crew. He (Mr. Baylis) had taken his part in providing them with the ship, but he could take no part in providing them with the crew or cargo; although he was certain that, if they exerted themselves, an efficient crew, and a sufficient cargo, was to be found for all the vessels. (Cheers.)

Mr. BIRMINGHAM begged to propose that the best thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Thomas Hutchinson Baylis, their manager and secretary, for the great attention he had paid to the interest of the institution, and the talent with which he had brought it to its present prosperity. He could personally speak to the merits of Mr. Baylis, having seen how zealous and active he was in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Baylis did not content himself with sitting at his desk, but, if he might use the term, like a bagman, he went with the deed of settlement about the country, obtaining by his energy, perseverance, and eloquence, shareholders, agents, and assurers. (Cheers.)

Mr. TATHAM, one of the auditors, seconded the resolution, and bore similar testimony to the merits of Mr. Baylis.

Mr. BACH (of Sheffield), Mr. HUDSON (of Nottingham), and Mr. SMITH (of Liverpool), having also spoken of Mr. Baylis in their respective localities, the resolution was put and carried unanimously.

Mr. T. H. BAYLIS returned thanks, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in being connected with the Trafalgar Life Assurance Association, the resources of which were not only as yet undeveloped, but untouched. He was sure there was a wide field of usefulness yet before them, and he felt bound, by all that was dear to him in life, to do his best to develop its resources, and make the Trafalgar what he was sure it might become by care, assiduity, and attention—an office holding one of the most enviable positions in the kingdom.

A vote of thanks was next given to the Medical Officers, which was acknowledged by Dr. LLOYD and Dr. MENYON.

Mr. BIRMINGHAM then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Baylis, Jun., Mr. HUDSON, Mr. BACH, Mr. SMITH, and the Chairman, having all expressed the great obligations they felt themselves under to Mr. Marshall for the great interest he had taken in promoting the interest of the Association, the resolution was carried amidst loud cheers.

Mr. MARSHALL returned thanks, and expressed a hope that, before they again met, the 300 policies they had now out would be upwards of 1000; indeed, he was sure that the energy of their secretary must ensure such a result.

A vote of thanks having been given to the solicitor, and acknowledged by Mr. Thomas Tayloe, the Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to their agents, whom he conceived to be amongst the most valuable adjuncts to the association.

The resolution having been carried,

Mr. BACH, of Sheffield, returned thanks.

Mr. CRIBB having also returned thanks, and recounted some of the difficulties which the agents of Life Assurance Companies have in making their principles understood to the public, a vote of thanks was given to the Chairman, and the meeting separated.

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN.

A COMPLETE

SYSTEM OF GARDENING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

AS PRACTISED AT THE PRESENT TIME. WITH UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS.

By CHARLES MINTOSH, F.R.P.S., F.R.S.S.A.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE LONDON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, THE MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, AND ROYAL CALEDONIAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, ETC. ETC.
LATE CURATOR OF THE ROYAL GARDENS OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT CLAREMONT AND BRUSSELS, AND NOW TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT DALKEITH PALACE.

PROSPECTUS.

THE object of the *BOOK OF THE GARDEN* is to exhibit, in a clear and orderly treatise, all that is known at the present day on the subject of Gardening; as well as to make public the results of the Author's long and extensive experience, and the original views which that experience has developed.

Never before were plans for Conservatories, Hot-Houses, and all kinds of horticultural buildings, in such demand as now. This is doubtless owing in part to the abolition of the duty on glass and bricks, and to the reduction in the cost of timber and other materials; but principally to the increasing taste for floral beauty, and the extended appreciation of those healthful pleasures derivable from elegant and well-ordered gardens. It is believed that the *Book of the Garden* will be found to be the first Work which treats this interesting subject in a manner adequate to its importance.

The Work will consist of Two Divisions,—the first, *Architectural and Ornamental*, in which Gardening will be treated as an Art of Design and Taste; the second, *Practical*, which will be devoted to the Theory and Practice of Gardening in relation to Culture and Management.

The FIRST DIVISION will include the following subjects:—

INSTRUCTIONS for the FORMATION and ARRANGEMENT of GARDENS of every variety of extent, form, style, and circumstance of situation; in which various examples will be furnished of Gardens existing or in progress of formation—including those of Frogmore, Dalkeith Palace, Poltalloch, &c.:—

PLANS and DESIGNS for the Erection of CONSERVATORIES, GREEN-HOUSES, HOT-HOUSES, VINERIES, FRUIT-HOUSES, PINERIES, FORCING-PITS, GARDENERS' RESIDENCES, and other descriptions of GARDEN BUILDINGS, on every scale from the most extensive to the most humble; with Details of Construction according to the most approved methods, embracing all modern improvements and scientific applications; and SPECIFICATIONS and ESTIMATES of COST:—

The principles of HEATING and VENTILATION, as applied to Horticultural Structures, carefully described and illustrated, from the Author's own extensive experience, as well as by reference to the various other methods in use:—

The laying out of FLOWER GARDENS, GEOMETRICAL, PICTURESQUE, and GARDENESQUE, with their subdivisions; the objects of Art and Nature appropriate to each, such as FOUNTAINS, STATUARY, TEMPLES, TERRACES, BRIDGES, FENCES, ROCK-WORK, HERMITAGES, RESTING-PLACES, RIVULETS, and CASCADES:—

The arrangement of PARTERRES with reference to the GROUPING of COLOURS, their HARMONY and CONTRASTS, &c. &c. &c.

This Division of the Work will be profusely illustrated by upwards of a THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND ON WOOD, representing every description of Garden Structure, with Diagrams exhibiting the details of Construction, Glazing, Roofing, Heating, Ventilating, &c.

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HER MAJESTY has graciously intimated her willingness that the *Book of the Garden* should be dedicated to herself. It is hoped that its own merits, as well as the style of its Printing and Illustration, will be worthy of the Royal patronage so graciously conferred upon it.

The Work will be beautifully printed with a new type, on superfine paper;—the numerous Steel Plates and Engravings on Wood which illustrate it have been executed in the highest style of art;—and no expense has been spared by the Publishers to render this the most elegant, as well as the most comprehensive and valuable Work which has yet appeared on the Art of Gardening. It will be issued in FIVE-SHILLING Parts, monthly, commencing on the 1st of February, 1852; and will form, when complete, two large volumes in royal octavo.

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GEOGRAPHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY FOR SCOTLAND. AUTHOR OF THE "PHYSICAL ATLAS," THE "NATIONAL ATLAS," &c. &c.

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London: Printed by LOVELL REEVE, of No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex (at the office of Messrs. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, Chandos Street, Covent Garden aforesaid); and published by him at the office of Messrs. REEVE and BENHAM, No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.—Saturday, December 6, 1851.